THE

AMERICAN WEST

COVER:

"A young man stealing and eloping with a girl, one way of marriage," is how Ben Clark, army scout and post interpreter at Fort Reno, titled our cover painting by the Cheyenne artist Howling Wolf. One of twelve paintings by Howling Wolf depicting highlights of the social history of the Cheyenne Indians, "... one way of marriage" shows the maiden named Arrow negotiating with her suitor (perhaps named Sharp Nose) in front of the tipi of her father, Red Cloud. As the many footsteps indicate, the couple has been talking for a long time—he determined upon elopement, she no doubt considering the possible unfortunate consequences of defying the will of her "guardian" (not one of her parents, but an older brother or some other relative). As she is more than dressed for the occasion, his persuasiveness has been crowned with not unanticipated success.

Painted in about 1879, this and eleven other of the artist's narrative paintings will appear in Howling Wolf, ***to be published by*** The American West ***next Month.***

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

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A Mandan buffalo-robe painting acquired by Lewis and Clark and sent to Thomas Jefferson in 1805. The Mandan, like many other Plains Indians, possessed an artistic tradition long before the arrival of Lewis and Clark, and the Plains Indian culture in general has maintained that tradition to the present. In an article beginning on page 4, ethnologist John C. Ewers narrates the development of this distinctive American art form.

Plains Indian PAINTING

The History and Development of an American Art Form

BY JOHN C. EWERS

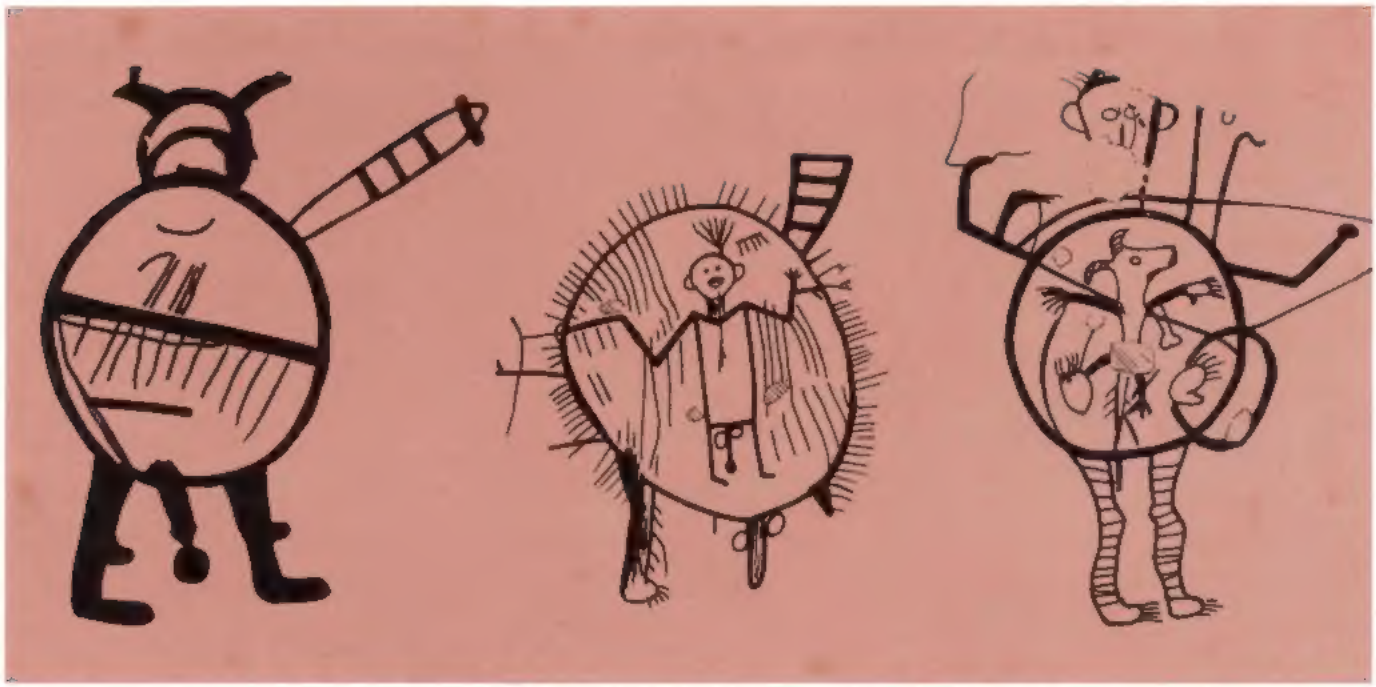


Fig. A: ***Before the Plains Indians acquired horses, warriors carried painted body-shields—as illustrated in this prehistoric vignette from Pictograph Cave, Montana.***

THE AMERICAN WEST'S OLDEST artistic traditions are those of the Indian. On the plains east of the Rockies, Indians may have painted crude representations of men and animals on rawhide shields and the inner surfaces of buffalo robes thousands of years ago, for buffalo-hunting Indians were creating primitive picture-writings on rocks and hides when the first white explorers entered their hunting grounds. Some of their descendants began to draw and paint on paper for the edification of whites a half-century before the buffalo were exterminated. Twentieth-century reservation-born Plains Indian artists are active today. The styles, themes, and functions of this art have changed over the years, but the tradition survives.

The primitive art that remains to us—Indian pictures painted on cave walls or incised on vertical rock surfaces at many widely scattered localities from Alberta to Texas—can rarely be dated precisely, and only a few can be assigned unquestionably to prehistoric times. Archaeologists seem to agree that some of the paintings in Pictograph Cave, 15 miles south of Billings, Montana, were created during the late Prehistoric Period, which some would date from about 500 A.D. to 1800 A.D. in that area. Noteworthy among these old pictures are a

number of red, black, and white renderings of men bearing large, circular shields, which appear to conceal the warriors' entire bodies and upper legs. These shields are comparable in size to those that David Thompson, the early fur trader, tells us were carried by Blackfoot warriors in their battles with the Shoshoni on the northwestern plains during the second quarter of the eighteenth century, and before the Blackfoot acquired horses. They were more than three feet in diameter, and large enough to protect the entire person of a squatting or bent-legged footman from the arrows of his Indian enemies. On a number of the shields depicted in Pictograph Cave are pictured human or animal-like figures, which probably represented the spirit-helpers that the individual shield-bearers had acquired through sought visions or in dreams. (*See Figure A.*)

Farther north, at Writing-on-Stone, in the Milk River Valley of Southern Alberta, are numerous Indian pictures incised in soft sandstone bluffs. Here we find a few warriors bearing large shields like those of Pictograph Cave, but others are on horseback and carry guns. (*See Figure B.*)

Fig. B: *Incised petroglyphs at Writing-on-Stone, Alberta, Canada.*

In September, 1805, François Larocque, the first white man to leave a written account of his travels in the Yellowstone Valley, saw a large, white, perpendicular rock on which three horsemen fighting three footmen were painted in red. This was ten months before William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, descended the Yellowstone on his return from the Pacific Coast, saw this rock landmark, and named it Pompey's Pillar. Although Pompey's Pillar is less than fifty miles from Pictograph Cave, the painting Larocque saw on it must have been more recent than the shield-bearing footmen on the cave walls. It was almost certainly of the eighteenth century, executed between the time Indians of this region acquired European horses and the first appearance of a white explorer in the Yellowstone Valley.

On May 20, 1808, Captain José Agabo, a member of a Spanish military expedition from San Antonio to Santa Fe, while passing through the country of the Comanche in northwestern Texas, discovered a large cave "painted with various colours and figures by the Indians." We do not know whether these paintings were made by Comanche artists or earlier occupants of the Southern Plains. We do know that one of the earliest Comanche specimens preserved in museum collections is a painted shield of about 1830 on which appear two monochrome human figures, one black, the other yellow. In their circular and featureless heads, rectangular bodies, linear arms extending to three outstretched fingers, and linear legs and feet, these figures resemble some of those appearing in the numerous undated rock paintings of Texas. (*See Figure C.*)

From the time of Coronado (1541), explorers and traders on the Great Plains made repeated, brief references to buffalo robes painted by Indians. Some of the Indian robes were painted in geometric designs by the women. Others were the work of men, and pictured heroic deeds in the life of the wearer — the coups he had counted in war. These pictorial records were proudly worn by successful warriors among the Plains tribes during the early decades of the nineteenth century.

The best-documented example of the traditional military art appears on a buffalo robe collected by Lewis and Clark at the Mandan villages on the Missouri and sent by them to President Jefferson in the spring of 1805. This painting portrays a battle fought about the year 1797. The twenty mounted warriors and forty-four footmen in combat are scattered over the inner surface of the robe, some armed with bows and arrows, lances, and shields, others with tomahawks or firearms. The figures

are all outlined in dark brown. Some are filled in with flat colors—brown, blue-green, red, or yellow.

A detail of the robe shows the characteristic features of this art style. (*See Frontispiece, page 2.*) The men's heads are featureless knobs; their necks sit upon elongated rectangular bodies, from which extend linear arms, some bent. The legs are relatively short and bent at the knees. Hands and feet are small and lack definition. No attempt was made to portray clothing. Notice that the mounted warriors do not straddle their horses—either they have no legs at all or both legs are shown on the near side of the horse. The horses, too, have neither eyes nor mouths, and their upper legs are thick, while the lower ones are mere lines. The horses' hoofs are hook-shaped extensions of their legs.

This is a good example of traditional Plains Indian painting, an aboriginal art untouched by stylistic influences from the white man's world. The primitive artist showed little interest in anatomical details. He was content to portray the general characteristics of the human form—the roundness of the head, straightness of the limbs, and the bilateral symmetry of the body. He had little interest in relative scale. Notice that some of his footmen are considerably taller than his horses. His work shows no concern with color modeling or with such concepts as foreshortening or perspective. And his figures float freely over the surface of the robe without any attempt being made to show the geographical setting in which the battle took place.

Fig. C: ***A Comanche shield of about 1830.***

The term *picture writing* aptly describes the form and function of this primitive art. The creator of such works was as much a historian as an artist. Indeed esthetic considerations may have been secondary to the artist's concern for recording the memorable accomplishments of his own military career and those of his fellow tribesmen. He probably outlined his figures with the point of a stick and filled in the outlines of some figures by spreading flat colors with a porous bone tool. Probably he used a separate stick or bone for each color.

Before 1830 a few Plains Indians gained some first-hand knowledge of white artists' techniques and their concern for realistic portraiture. Delegations of prominent Indians visited Santa Fe, San Antonio, and Mexico City. Others traveled to St. Louis, New Orleans, Washington, and the larger cities of the East. A small group of Osage spent more than two years touring the cities of Europe. And we know that some of those Indians sat for their portraits by such highly skilled artists as Charles Willson Peale, Charles B. J. F. de Saint-Mémin, Chester Harding, Charles Bird King, and John Neagle. During this same period explorers of the Great Plains began to show illustrated books to the Indians. At Engineer Cantonment on the Missouri (above present-day Omaha), scientists of the Long Expedition showed pictures to visiting Indians during the winter of 1819-20, and reported: "The Indians, almost all of them, delight to look over engravings, particularly those which represent animals; they are not soon fatigued when employed in this way."

These first acquaintances with white men's art may have influenced Plains Indian artists, but we lack any paintings known to have been the work of those who had visited the centers of civilization, or studied illustrated books. Yet during the decade of the 1830's, a few Indians began to draw and paint in the white man's medium of pencil and watercolors on paper *for* whites. And white artists who visited the plains to paint Indians

Fig. D: *Four Bears: a Mandan chief, fighting a Cheyenne. This autobiographical watercolor on paper was executed by Four Bears with the encouragement of the Swiss artist, Karl Bodmer, in 1834, and shows the influence of the white man's techniques.*

encouraged the native artists by providing them with both the example of their own works and the unfamiliar materials. In some instances these skilled exponents of an alien artistic tradition may also have suggested to the Indian artists some of the subjects to depict.

During the summer of 1832 George Catlin gained a reputation as a medicine man among the Mandan because of his ability to "make human beings" in two dimensions. According to Catlin's account, the Indians were particularly impressed by his rendering of his sitters' eyes, which the awestruck redmen thought "followed them" as they studied Catlin's portraits from different angles. Catlin was followed on the Upper Missouri by the technically superior Swiss artist, Karl Bodmer. During his winter's stay at nearby Fort Clark in 1833-34, Bodmer gave paper, pencils, and watercolors to at least two prominent Mandan Indians, whose portraits both he and Catlin had painted, and encouraged them to paint for him.

One of these earliest recorded Plains Indian paintings in the white man's medium is shown in *Figure D.* It is the work of Four Bears, the second chief and most prominent warrior among the Mandan at the time. He was a favorite of both Catlin and Bodmer and had spent many days and nights watching Bodmer paint in his makeshift studio at Fort Clark. Although this picture depicts a traditional theme, the artist's record of one of his outstanding coups — the killing of a Cheyenne chief with a knife in hand-to-hand combat — the style is a far cry from the earlier Mandan painting collected by Lewis and Clark. Gone are the knoblike heads, the stick figures, the distorted proportions, the lack of detail. In both figures the facial features, including eyes, are sharply defined. The bodily proportions are realistic, and both legs and arms are fleshed out. And the details of headgear, body costume, and ornaments are shown with painstaking care. Like the works of Bodmer himself, this picture was first drawn in pencil and then developed in watercolor.

Can there be any doubt that Four Bears, working in an unfamiliar medium, was trying to follow the example of his friend and teacher, Karl Bodmer?

Other white artists had proteges among other Indian tribes during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. At the fur traders' rendezvous on Green River during the summer of 1837, the European-trained Baltimore artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, encouraged Little Chief, a prominent Shoshoni chief, to depict for him scenes from his war experiences. Miller noted that this Indian tried to paint with the stick end of his brush rather than with the bristles, and showed his indifference to perspective by picturing all four legs of horses on one side.

February, 1852, the Swiss artist Rudolph Friederich Kurz argued the relative merits of the two artistic traditions — the European and the Plains Indian — with a Sioux to whom he had supplied pen and ink and drawing paper. The Sioux found Kurz's method of picturing a rider astride "not at all satisfactory," pointing out "you see, a man has two legs." Like other traditional Plains Indian artists, this Sioux did not draw from models, and he was not concerned that the far leg of a horseman, pictured from the side, is concealed by the horse's body.

In Kurz's time Indians of the Upper Missouri still wore painted buffalo robes. *(See Figure F.)* However, this custom had already been abandoned in favor of trade

Fig. E: ***Traditional styles of Indian drawing have survived down to our times. These Blackfoot pictograph signatures were done for the author in 1943. From left to right: Rides at the Door, Weasel Tail, Takes a Gun, and Chewing Black Bones.***

A decade later the artist-priest Father Nicholas Point, while engaged in pioneer Christian mission work among the Blackfoot and Gros Ventres near Fort Lewis on the Upper Missouri, provided an Indian with paper and colors, and encouraged him to paint a series of fascinating watercolors (primarily in blacks and browns) portraying an Indian's view of the life of the traders at the fort. [See THE AMERICAN WEST, November, 1966.] The native artist's concern for proportion and for the details of costume may reflect the influence of the good Father's own painting. Yet the works show such characteristic marks of Plains Indian painting as the rendering of horsemen with both legs on one side of their mounts.

At Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, in

blankets by the Osage and other tribes nearer St. Louis, and tended to become obsolete among the more distant tribes during the next two decades. The Earl of Southesk, writing in 1859, observed: "The Sioux, of all Indians, are those who most keep up their old mode of dress; the Blackfoot and the rest are all rapidly adopting blankets and capots, and giving up the beautifully painted robes of their forefathers. The few painted robes that are made are inferior in workmanship to those of days gone by."

Nevertheless, traditional ways of rendering both human and animal forms persisted among the Blackfoot. During the 1940's I obtained examples of the ingenious pictographic signatures some of my elderly Piegan and Blood Indian informants used to draw to convey infor-

mation to fellow members of their horse-raiding parties when they became separated in the time of their youth. Four of these very simple, yet effective, identifying symbols are reproduced as *Figure E*.

Following the Indian wars of the plains in the 1870's, Indian artists found a new clientele among the army officers who had fought against them and were interested in seeing the Indians' side of the conflict pictured in watercolors, pen and ink, or colored pencils. Colonel Richard Irving Dodge was impressed by the fact that a degree of skill in drawing was shared by so many Indians. Probably he did not exaggerate very much when he wrote: "All draw, and though entirely without knowledge of perspective, all draw quite as well as the average of whites. If one wants Indian pictures, there is no need to hunt a special artist. All he has to do is to give some paper and a few colored pencils to any middle-aged warrior." Drawings by Indians of those tribes that had been most consistently hostile to the whites were in greatest demand. And judging from extant collections, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Kiowa veterans of the Indian wars supplied the greatest number of pictures.

A most unusual colony of artists developed at old Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida, where more than seventy men from five hostile tribes of the Southern Plains were imprisoned from 1875 to 1878. Most of these Indians were young men, and their humanitarian jailer, Captain Richard H. Pratt (who later founded the famed Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania) believed they could be made into useful and productive citizens if given direction and the opportunity to develop their native abilities. Recognizing their interest in drawing and painting, he provided them with paper, pencils, and colors, and offered them an opportunity to produce art works for sale to whites. More than a third of these "Florida boys" participated in Pratt's art program, and hundreds of examples of their works are preserved in widely scattered public and private collections.

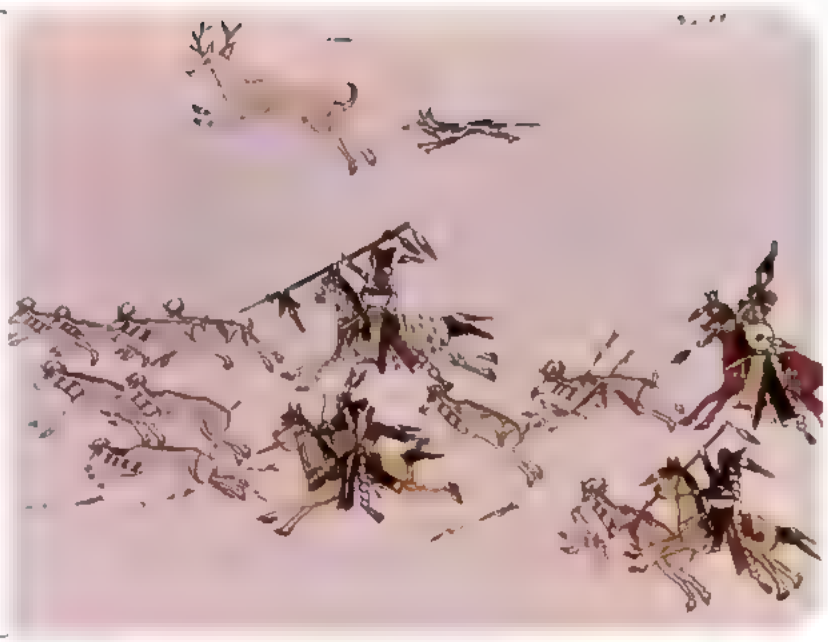
Their subject matter ranged widely from nostalgic memories of events and of tribal life on the open plains to pictures of Fort Marion and the seagoing ships they saw in Florida. One of the most able among these artists was Making Medicine, a Cheyenne in his early thirties, described as a "ringleader" among the hostile Cheyenne at the time of his arrest in the Indian Territory. His delicately colored pencil drawings are remarkable for their decorative quality. His "On the War Path" *(Figure H)*, a page from a book of drawings executed in 1875, is

Fig. F: ***Hidatsa Indian wearing a painted buffalo robe, 1851. A field sketch by the Swiss artist Rudolph F. Kurz.***

traditional in theme and possesses the flatness and free-floating qualities of the old hide paintings. But working in this white-man's medium — with precise drawing instruments on a smooth paper surface — Making Medicine achieved effects that were impractical in the old picture writing. In his portrayal of the running horse in a rocking-horse pose — both front and hind legs extended — he was employing a convention used also by white artists in sporting prints, and one that was gaining wide acceptance among Plains Indian artists.

Other artists of this group sought to fill their rectangular sheets with more complicated scenes after the fashion of the white illustrator. And many of their works have those qualities of quaintness often found in the

"Plains Indian Painting" is from John C. Ewers' introduction to *Howling Wolf: A Cheyenne Warrior's Graphic Interpretation of His People.* A forthcoming AMERICAN WEST book, *Howling Wolf* is the watercolor reminiscence of the youth of a Cheyenne chieftain's son, with text by Karen D. Petersen. Among the paintings reproduced at approximately original size (as seen in this month's cover) are "The Horse Race" (below) and "The Antelope Hunt" (at right). (Publication date, April 26; prepublication price to AMERICAN WEST subscribers, $9.75; regular price, $14.00.)



efforts of ambitious folk artists whose reach exceeds their grasp of the usual principles of composition, relative scale, and perspective.

One of the prisoners, Howling Wolf (also a Cheyenne), continued to make pictures after his release in 1878. On his return to his homeland in what is now Oklahoma, he found that the old ways of his people had changed markedly during his absence from the plains. The buffalo—long the staff of life for the Cheyenne—was gone. The warlike Cheyenne had been pacified. Gone were the freedoms of the old roaming life in picturesque encampments of painted tipis. Indians were occupying houses and standing in line to receive government rations.

Fig. G: *"Horse Race," by Howling Wolf.*

Possessed of a keen historical sense, Howling Wolf sat down to reconstruct on paper significant scenes in the cultural history of his own people before they settled down to the monotony of reservation life. His series of twelve pen and watercolor sketches, collected by the able soldier-ethnologist, Captain John G. Bourke, is unique among the works of Plains Indian artists of the period. His first three pictures attempt to portray important scenes and events in the long-ago history of his tribe—their first acquisition of horses from the Kiowa, of firearms from a white trader, and a view of the settlement on the Upper Missouri before the Cheyenne abandoned corn cultivation in semi-permanent villages of earth-lodges in favor of the nomadic life of buffalo hunters. Howling Wolf's knowledge of these subjects must have been derived from the oral history of his tribe. And as might be expected, these scenes contain a few anachronisms, for the oral traditions probably were more fragmentary than the artist's compositions.

The majority of Howling Wolf's scenes, however, are of pure Cheyenne genre, depicting aspects of the tribal

Fig. H: *"On the Warpath," by Making Medicine. Like Howling Wolf, Making Medicine was a Cheyenne hostage held at Fort Marion, Florida, in the mid-1870's. Here "troublemakers" among the Plains Indians were encouraged to paint and to sell their work to visitors.*

life he had known in his youth. Here are the Cheyenne of the 1860s and early '70s hunting the buffalo and antelope, preparing for and returning from war, performing the sacred sun dance and other ceremonies, enjoying a horse race, and dressed in their best for courtship. Howling Wolf, the folk artist, rendered even the most complex scene with naive confidence, uninhibited by any consciousness of his limitations as an illustrator.

To me the most informative of these pictures is Howling Wolf's semi-diagramatic rendering of an Indian horse race *(See Figure G)*. Both George Catlin and Paul Kane had painted the Plains Indian horse race, but neither of their works tell us as much about how the race was run as does Howling Wolf's watercolor. The hoof prints trace the race course – across a stream and around a hill and back to the place of beginning. Judges standing on the hill make sure that neither rider in this match race takes a short cut while out of sight of the spectators assembled near the finish line. Near the spectators are the horses and other valuables wagered by the Indians on the outcome of the event (betting added to the Indians' enthusiasm for this popular sport). I find that Howling Wolf's record of the Plains Indian horse race graphically substantiates numerous descriptions of these races told me by elderly Indians a quarter of a century ago.

The most prominent Indian artist of the early reservation period was Sitting Bull, the famous Hunkpapa Sioux chief. He repeatedly pictured his coups in intertribal wars and in fights with whites, but carefully avoided pictorial references to the much-disputed battle with Custer. His autobiographical drawing of counting coup on a Crow warrior may show the influence of Rudolph Cronau, a German artist-correspondent who gave Sitting Bull drawing lessons. *(See Figure I.)* The heavy horse with modeled rump possesses a three dimensional quality lacking in the horses executed by other Plains Indian artists of the time.

Younger but still unschooled Indians carried the pictorial art tradition into the twentieth century. Encouraged by collectors, some artists seem to have transferred stylistic characteristics developed in drawing on paper to paintings on elkskins and deerskins, or buffalo hides when they could be obtained. Silverhorn (1861-1941), a Kiowa artist, received encouragement from both the professional ethnologist James Mooney and the amateur, Captain Hugh L. Scott. The portraitist E. A. Burbank near the turn of the century gave lessons to Silverhorn, whom he regarded as "the finest artist among the Kiowas. If he had had an art training in youth, he would doubtless have made himself an artist of no ordinary ability."

The revival of interest in Plains Indian pictorial art, which had found little encouragement on or off the reservations during the first quarter of the present century, dates from 1928, when fieldworkers on the Kiowa

Fig. 1: *"Killing a Crow Indian," from a pictorial autobiography executed by the celebrated Sitting Bull in 1881.*

Fig. 1: ***Raiding for horses, as pictured on elkskin by an unnamed Sioux artist, about 1890.***

Reservation near Anadarko, Oklahoma, recognized that a group of talented boys were attempting to picture themes from Indian art. They needed encouragement and the guidance of a sympathetic and trained artist, and they found it in Oscar Jacobson, head of the School of Art at the University of Oklahoma, who accepted the Kiowa boys as special students. Without telling these boys what to depict or showing them how to draw and paint, Jacobson encouraged them to use Indian themes and to develop their own styles based upon a knowledge of the Plains Indian tradition of pictorial art. The "five Kiowa boys"—Monroe Tsa-to-ke, Stephen Mopope, James Auchiah, Jack Hokeah, and Spencer Asah—progressed rapidly. Some of their works were exhibited at the Exposition of Indian Intertribal Arts in New York in 1930, where thousands of white Americans first saw fine Indian work exhibited as art. Their work was also shown in international exhibitions abroad, where it received high praise—as art.

The change in the Administration of Indian Affairs with the appointment of John Collier as Commissioner in 1932 led to the encouragement of Indian art as one

of the avowed objectives of a new policy. At the Santa Fe Indian School classes were opened for promising Indian artists under the skilled guidance of Dorothy Dunn (Kramer). She has told me that she assembled photographs of works Indians had done in the past for her students to examine, and that the older piece that was a special favorite with some of her Plains Indian students was a Sioux painting on elkskin, executed about 1890. A detail of the upper left corner of this painting, depicting with simple yet graceful clarity the stealing of horses by a war party, is shown in *Figure J*.

During the depression years some of the new group of schooled Plains Indian artists found employment painting murals for Federal Buildings—the cafeteria of the new Department of the Interior Building in Washington, parlors and gymnasiums in Indian schools, post office lobbies, the entrance lobby to the Museum of the Plains Indian at Browning, Montana, and the like. Some of the earliest graduates are still active artists, and a number of them are teaching, helping to develop new generations of Indian artists.

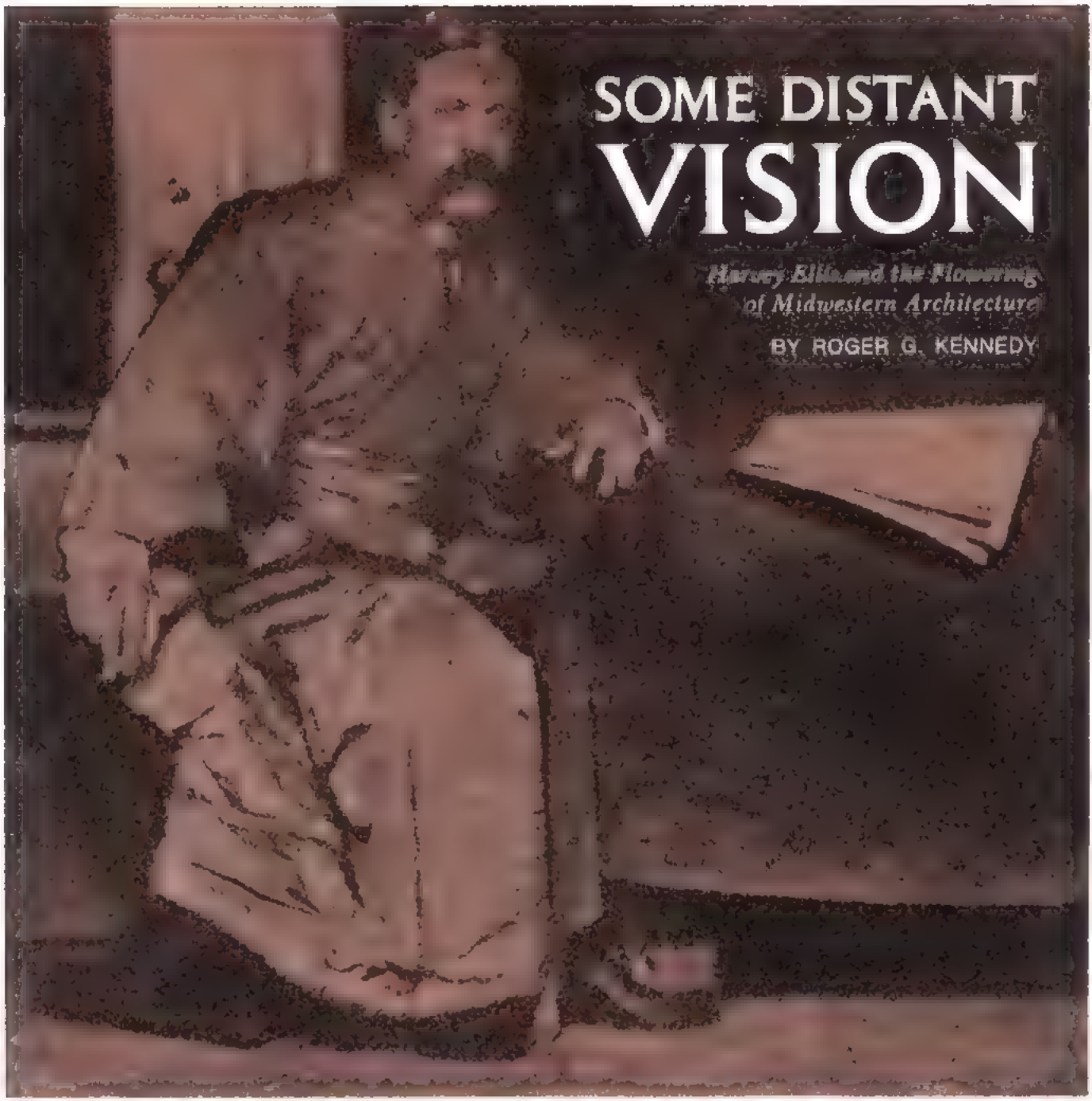
Fig. K: *"Dancer," a watercolor by Archie Blackowl, a Cheyenne, in the mid-1940's.*

For inspiration many of the schooled artists turned back to the cultures of their tribes in the past days of glory, and selected aspects of the old way of life for pictorial interpretation. They became pictorial historians, like Howling Wolf, picturing a life they had never experienced themselves. Others turned to the most colorful survival of the old life—the Indian dance, the subject of many modern Indian paintings. The watercolor in *Figure K* is one of them. Its creator, Archie Blackowl, a descendant of the Cheyenne chief Roman Nose, was a winner of the Intertribal War Dance competition at Gallup. This single dancing figure may be traditional in its stark outlining of a single man against a blank background. But it differs markedly from the works of the earlier artists in its schooled draftsmanship and combination of realistic and decorative elements.

A major source of encouragement to Indian pictorial artists since 1946 has been the Annual Indian Artists Exhibition at the Philbrook Art Center in Tulsa, a competitive show to which artists from many North American tribes have contributed during the past twenty-one years. This exhibition has sought to foster innovation and experimentation with new media and techniques, as well as new subject matter, and to discourage unimaginative repetition of old styles and themes. Some modern Indian artists have moved so far in the direction of abstraction that their works have all but lost their Indian identity. But many artists have experimented ingeniously without breaking ties with their Indian artistic heritage.

Plains Indians, in competition with Indian artists from other cultures, have won their share of the highest awards at Tulsa. One of the most successful exhibitors over the years has been Oscar Howe, winner in 1966 of the show's first Special Award for sustained creative productivity. A Yanktonai Sioux, a graduate of the Santa Fe School in 1938, and an overseas veteran of World War II, Howe has consistently gone back to aspects of Sioux life in buffalo days for his themes. His "Shunka Wakan Dance" (the old Horse Dance of the Sioux), which won the Grand Purchase Award at Tulsa in 1962, is alive with action and kaleidoscopic color, yet thoroughly Indian in both quality and theme. *(See Figure L.)* *Continued on page 74*

Fig. 1: *"Shunka Wakan Dance," a casein on illustration board, by Oscar Howe, Yanktonai Sioux, 1962.*



SOME DISTANT VISION

Harvey Ellis and the Flowering of Midwestern Architecture

BY ROGER G. KENNEDY

"The only things he seemed to care for were to paint cryptic, unsaleable pictures, under a still north light."

At the end of an hour we saw a far-away town sleeping in a valley by a winding river, and beyond it on a hill, a vast gray fortress with towers and turrets, the first I had ever seen out of a picture.

"Bridgeport?" said I, pointing.

"Camelot," said he.

THERE IT WAS, the capital city of Mark Twain's Middle Ages. There loomed up the pennanted towers, the greensward and the moated keep; there strolled the knights and damsels. However strange it may seem, Sam Clemens, the son of Hannibal, the youth of Virginia City, the bridegroom of Elmira, and the bourgeois of Hartford,

"... probably no one in his time approached so closely to Richardson in the quality of his work."
(Entrance to the Mabel Tainter Memorial, Menomonie, Wisconsin.)

walked in imagination all his life with Joan of Arc, Gawain, and Arthur, with princes and with paupers. But it is not strange to those who know, not Hannibal (it had not the means), but St. Joseph, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Menomonie. There, from far away you may still see vast gray fortresses with towers and turrets, with barbicans and keeps, their round-arched entries garlanded in limestone ornament, their pinnacles bearing pennant-staffs. These are buildings of which John Wellborn Root said, their "only lacking detail is a shriveled head thrust over the cornice on the end of a pike."

In the American mind of the 1880's there was a strain

of fantasy, which Mark Twain put into medieval romances and Harvey Ellis put into architecture. Ellis was the greatest American architect of fantastic medievalism, and for a decade he had the opportunity to create, on the bluffs above the slow, brown rivers of the Middle West, castles, keeps, and tombs. He made vast piles of masonry, not any replicas of ancient example, but new creations in the spirit of an imaginary chivalric age.

For ten years, in these river-ports-becoming-railroad-depots, Harvey Ellis found clients willing to accommodate themselves to his visions. They commissioned him to sketch his visions and rejoiced as sketches were made tangible in pink Luverne jasper, Portage Entry sandstone, or Missouri limestone. For a while they lived in them, without embarrassment, thinking them perhaps a legitimate expression of the pride of a generation that had defeated the aborigines in bloody battle, conquered a hostile climate, and had come to have, in their own baronies, the power and the purse to express very expensive whims.

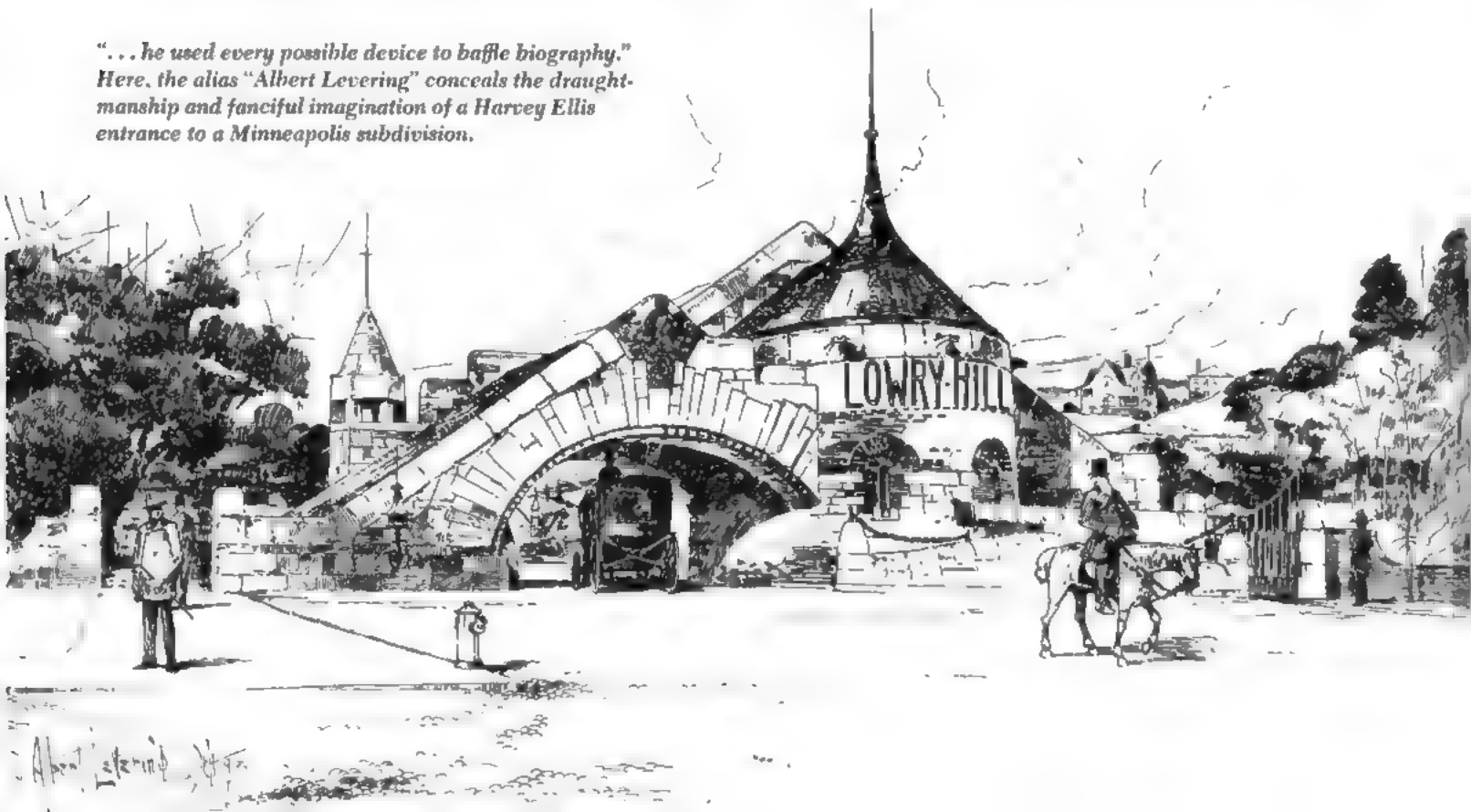
Then, in 1893, a blight fell upon the land. Crop failures coincided with an international financial crisis. Confidence was lost. The economy of the region passed through a long depression; local firms increasingly fell under the control of distant financiers, and architecture reflected a new restraint, a new reluctance to display color or verve: even after prosperity returned, caution persisted. Consolidation of the economy brought deference to bigness, a willingness to sacrifice vitality for ordered magnitude. A failure of nerve in architecture brought deference to cool, classic precedent. Harvey Ellis, meanwhile, was reduced to putting his fantasies on canvases he gave away to friends

Until very recently it would have been impossible to tell much about Ellis, the great architect of fantasy. A few rather patronizing essays about him can be found in the trade journals, an affectionate memorial chapter in a book by the essayist and architect Claude Bragdon, little else. Ellis was a vagrant, irresponsible alcoholic. But, as researchers accumulate the evidence, it now appears that he was much more.

What Bragdon and his colleague Francis Swales said of Ellis was based upon their acquaintance with him in Rochester, New York, during a few years before his death in January, 1904. Ellis said that his deceptively sturdy appearance came of being "preserved in alcohol for twenty years," but by then he had stopped drinking. He had gray eyes and a sweeping moustache, talked incessantly, but never about himself. He knew by heart Froissart and Mallory, the Icelandic Sagas, the tales of the Brothers Grimm. His paintings (now collected in the palace of Mrs. Homer Strong, in Rochester) are medieval in subject and spirit, flat in plane, story pictures of knights and devotional pictures of saints and angels and of the Madonna. He had become a Roman Catholic, and composed his religious pictures without the saccharine qualities esteemed at the time: his were cool, impeccably composed.

Dressed in a robe that might have been Japanese or of a priestly order of which he alone was a member,

"... he used every possible device to baffle biography." Here, the alias "Albert Levering" conceals the draughtmanship and fanciful imagination of a Harvey Ellis entrance to a Minneapolis subdivision.



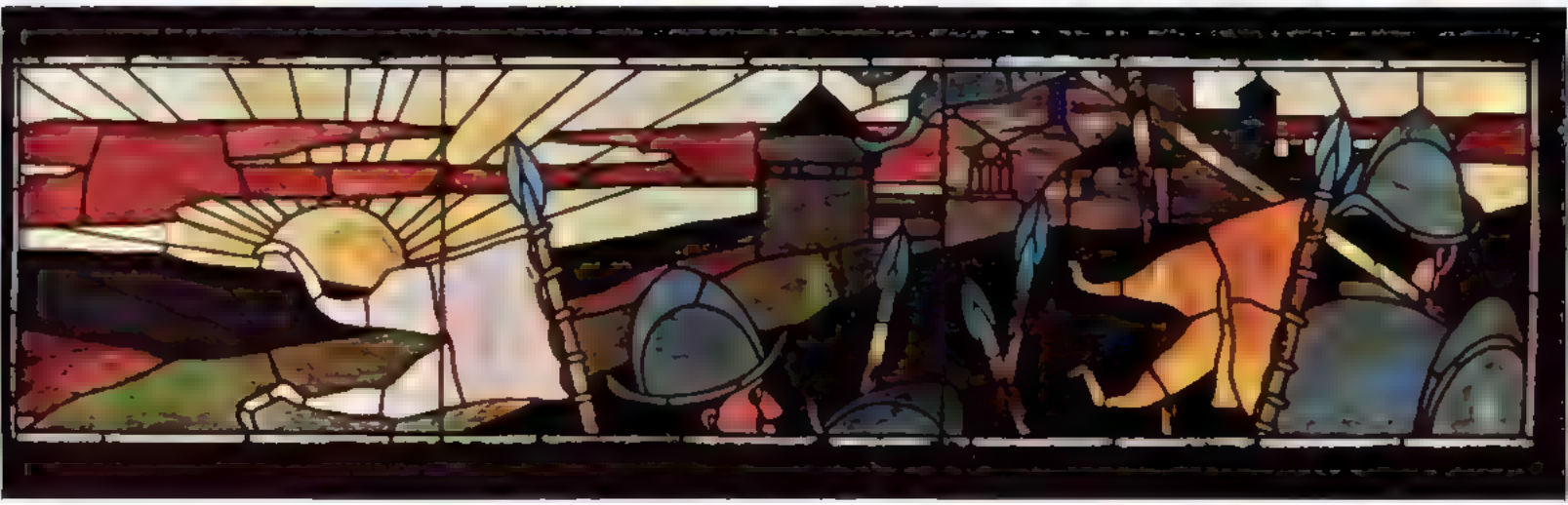
theorizing interminably about architecture and art, he would turn out illustrations for sale to *Scribners* or *The Craftsman,* but his paintings were not for sale.

Bragdon says, "He could not endure the patronage of the wealthy buyer, while if a true connoisseur expressed a liking for one of his pictures, Harvey usually insisted on making him a present of it." Swales says that "he permitted himself to be continually cajoled into giving away his sketches, and even drawings, paintings and etchings upon which he had spent several days' or weeks' time." He had virtually abandoned architecture, and was so secretive that Bragdon never knew how much he had accomplished in the West. "He never discussed his personal affairs, they seemed scarcely to interest him. . . . The only things he seemed to care for were to paint cryptic, unsaleable pictures, under a still north light, with plenty of time and plenty of cigarettes, and to talk about anything under the sun except himself to anyone who would listen."

This was not the Harvey Ellis of his great days as an architect. Then he was not so respectable. In his thirties, according to an old friend in Rochester, "he won every big competition there was, but never for himself. Whenever the competition was announced, the first architect to find Harvey in a saloon would pull him out, sober him up, set a draftsman beside him until he finished the drawings, give him some money, and turn him loose again." That was how it was in St. Paul, St. Joseph, and St. Louis. Bragdon heard that "he never knew what salary he was getting. When he found his pockets empty he went . . . for more money, and got it."

Ellis wandered from city to city, winning national acclaim for J. Walter Stevens in St. Paul, then for Leroy Buffington in Minneapolis, then for Edmund Eckel in St. Joseph and George Mann in St. Louis.

The *Western Architect,* reviewing this period, said: "The drawings and designs of the late Harvey Ellis . . . came just short of influencing western work more strongly than that of any other designer, before or since his time. . . . Circumstances . . . conspired to prevent him from carrying out his designs under his own name. . . . No one else could do such striking things and yet avoid the bizarre."



Chivalry in bright glass.

Bragdon, who also defended the reputation of Louis Sullivan during the long years of *his* disgrace, sought to redeem Ellis as well: "Harvey Ellis was a genius. . . . Had it not been for the evil fairy which seems to have presided over his birth and ruled his destiny . . . he might have been a prominent instead of an obscure figure in the field of American art; but even so, he exercised an influence more potent than some whose names are better known."

There are those who believe he had a hand in the development of the ornament that made Louis Sullivan's office famous, and others who have written that his was the design that won the competition for the

Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York for Hiens and La Farge. It seems probable that the St. Louis railroad station, a masterpiece ranking with any of Henry Hobson Richardson's buildings, was a product of the intelligence of Harvey Ellis. In this instance as in others, Ellis probably came in either during the competition, to put his touch on the drawings, or afterward to revise them into what was essentially a new and better building. The record architect for the building, Theodore Link, was a competent but pedestrian designer, and he broke a classicist pace at this time very briefly. Afterward,

Detail of the Mabel Tainter Memorial.

once again, Link got new clients and Ellis went back to the gutter.

ELLIS WAS BORN IN 1852, in Rochester, the son of an upstate politician. Family correspondence indicates that before he was twenty he was an anxiety to his mother, who constantly adjured his younger brother, Charles, to try to set Harvey upon a straight course. In 1870, to the relief of all, he won admission to West Point. But he was dismissed after a year, the records attributing his failure to a weakness in French, family lore attributing it to a weakness in chastity—he was said to have achieved a liaison with a lady, perhaps an actress, whom he secretly married.

There is some evidence that he was sent abroad to forget the lady. (Ninety years later his niece said that his father had had the marriage annulled while Ellis was in Europe; other draftsmen who knew him said he had studied there.) Scraps of sketches of European monuments, drawn in Harvey's hand upon the back of Express Company documents, were found in Buffington's archives; an essay on the architecture of Venice, reading like a briefly dutiful son's report to his father, was scrawled upon a Rochester photographer's stationery, and kept in the family scraps. (It is difficult, even so long after his death, not to call Harvey Ellis by his first name. He said that everyone did except one office boy: "that one called me Harve!")

He was back in Rochester by 1875, for his mother was imploring his father through the mails to find something for him to do. He was already known as a rakehell in town. In the spring of that year Ellis was sending to his brother Charles for help in securing his trunk from his parents, who had moved to Albany. Their communications with the prodigal had been so completely severed that in August, when his father was in New York on a business trip, he spotted a familiar, tall silhouette against the window at the far end of an engineer's office on lower Broadway, and was startled to discover that it was, indeed, Harvey. He reported to his wife, that their son had been "steady" (on the wagon) for some months, and looked well. In 1877 and 1878 he joined the Albany office of Richardson, while that huge atelier was at work upon the city hall and the state capitol.

In February of 1879 Harvey, once more taken in hand by Charles, was back in Rochester, where for the next five years they turned out scores of designs for buildings constructed throughout western New York and Pennsylvania. Those that can be identified today are modest commercial buildings, schools, small-town hotels, and some well-disciplined "Queen Anne" houses. There is no need here to jump into the critical broil about Louis Sullivan's work of this period, but it is fair to say that Ellis's compares with it very favorably.

He was developing, within constricting budgets and among constricting clients, those skills that led one of Richardson's admirers, Hugh M. G. Garden, to say of Ellis that "he was a master of composition, both in his drawings and his designs of buildings, and probably no

Ellis designed the world's first tall steel-frame building while working for Leroy Buffington, in 1885. Buffington, who kept his hard-drinking resident genius in daily pocket change, removed Ellis's signature from the published version of the drawing. The building, planned for Minneapolis in 1887, was never constructed, but its design anticipated skyscraper techniques later utilized successfully by such architects as Louis Sullivan.

one in his time approached so closely to Richardson in the quality of his work."

Ellis was without opportunities in Rochester to build the vast buildings that filled his imagination. Richardson had found clients in Pittsburgh and Chicago, and Louis Sullivan was finding them, too. Ellis looked to the West for "opportunities . . . to design for the use of rough-hewn materials in great, picturesque piles." He had won a national design competition for a tomb for President Grant in 1885, but was probably not discouraged from leaving Rochester by his family, which was embarrassed by his debauchery and his prediliction for women not considered respectable.

He was already known in the West in the circle that included Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and George Elmslie; a later associate of theirs, William G. Purcell, said that Ellis's name was "well known to everyone who read an architectural magazine from 1880 to well past 1900." It is known that Ellis departed for the West in 1885, but thereafter he used every possible device to baffle biography: false names, disappearances, purposeful anonymity, sheer vagrancy. We do not know whether or not he stopped in Chicago to work with Sullivan; several Rochester publications say he worked in Chicago, and some of the Auditorium Building ornament looks like his. It is possible that he returned to Chicago to do some commissions in 1899. At any rate, a Sullivan student, Thomas E. Tallmadge, wrote in 1908: "An ideal artistic atmosphere pervaded the colony in the old lofts of Steinway Hall . . . the little band of enthusiasts who had raised their feeble standard of revolt against the disciplined ranks and vast array of custom . . . Perkins, Wright, Spencer, Myron Hunt, George Dean, Birch Long, and with them . . . associated in spirit if not in person . . . was the gifted but irresponsible genius, Harvey Ellis, poet-architect, whose pencil death stopped ere it had traced more than a few soft lines of his dream of beauty."

Elmslie said he knew Ellis, but denied any association with the Sullivan office. Purcell, Elmslie's partner in later years, dismissed the question as beyond proof, saying of Ellis, "A very great architect, . . . before LHS (Sullivan), before Wright, . . . paying fealty to none, . . . in my view greater than Richardson. . . . You have a man to appraise who stands on his own feet."

That appraisal is easier to make in St. Paul than in Rochester. In Minnesota, for the first time, Ellis found clients who would let him build his castles. Even his

The theatre of the Mabel Tainter Memorial.

commercial buildings grew larger, more daring. He required an extravagant budget, but he could work wonders. For John L. Merriam, banker and real estate promoter, he designed a gigantic red sandstone fortress-residence, which stood until recently on a hill overlooking the state capitol. Its great hall was composed of rose marble and Spanish leather and fruitwood and stained glass. There was a gold and ivory dining room and a parlor whose wall of mahogany was covered with the Celtic interlaces of illuminated manuscript. The disentangling of influences is impossible in this period. Richardson's great Marshall Field warehouse store influenced everybody; Harvey Ellis's Noyes Brothers and Cutler warehouses of 1886 has solemnly been said to have been modeled on Sullivan's Walker warehouse, though it was built two years earlier than Sullivan's work. What is important is to give Ellis and his clients their due: his Germania Bank Building, designed for Stevens, is still St. Paul's most impressive tall structure, and in 1887, he and Leroy Buffington made a major contribution to architectural history.

Buffington was canny, prolific, and litigious, and knew a good colleague when he saw one. He had been practicing a disorderly "Queen Anne" before Ellis's arrival, and relapsed into a plodding classicism after his departure. But while Ellis was in his office, he enjoyed a national reputation, which has persisted to some extent to this day.

After a lifetime of litigating for the right to be known as "the father of the skyscraper," the old man admitted

that the design of what he called "the world's first tall steel frame office building," a twenty-nine-story structure to be built in Minneapolis in 1887, was Ellis's work. The sketches that served as Buffington's basis for claiming royalties for later skyscrapers were almost certainly from Ellis's hand. Purcell said of this building that "in being a unit from sidewalk to roof, . . . [with] no forced values in the general design treatment to make it appear as if of solid masonry," it anticipated Sullivan's Wainwright Building of four years later.

In 1891 Buffington published an Ellis sketch of a bank building. (The original drawing, probably done in 1888, is in the Buffington Archive at the University of Minnesota; Buffington removed Ellis's signature for publication.) It was to be a jewel box, sixteen years before the first of Sullivan's fine small banks appeared. A rich terra-cotta frieze anticipated the sculptured ornament of the Prairie School. Blank walls would keep out noise and dust; fans would supply air, and electricity, light. A frieze of figures, an elaborately arched entry, and Moorish niches all provide a clear anticipation of Sullivan's Transportation Building of 1893 and of Sullivan and Elmslie's Owatonna bank of 1907.

Buffington, said Bragdon, "gave Harvey, at the end of every day, amounts varying from a quarter of a dollar to several dollars, and, whatever the sum, in the morning it was gone." Ellis gave Buffington a succession of designs more powerful than anything that crafty manager could ever produce for himself. In Menomonie, Wisconsin, for example, inside a heavy sandstone fortress called the Mabel Taintor Memorial Building (1889) there is a small theater of fiery stained glass and fanciful screens, its walls gilt and stenciled, its colors still glowing, and its plan pronounced by a recent professional critic to be "beautifully designed." In Minneapolis, Pillsbury Hall still dominates the University of Minnesota campus. Another Ellis design, Nicholson Hall, is nearby.

This was the time of Ellis's greatest achievements. In city after city his sprees were financed by architects and clients for whom his imagination conjured up marvels to be made into stone. Alcohol loosened his compositions, but they were grand. Here is a contemporary description of the interior of a house designed by Ellis for Samuel Gale, in Minneapolis:

> Off the hall and partially separated by Moorish screen work is an alcove divan. On one side is an alabaster and mosaic mantel extending from the floor to the wooden-beamed ceiling. At the

Continued on page 72

The Samuel C. Gale House, Minneapolis, reared in 1888 and razed in 1933.

Water, Land, and People in the Great Valley—

Is It True That What We Learn from History Is That We Learn Nothing from History?

BY PAUL S. TAYLOR

In 1878, scientist and explorer John Wesley Powell stated the problem with typically succinct accuracy in his* Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions of the United States:** ***"All the present and future agriculture of more than four-tenths of the area of the United States is dependent upon irrigation, and practically all values for agriculture inhere, not in the lands but in the water. . . . The question for legislators to solve is to devise some practical means by which water rights may be distributed among individual farmers and water monopolies prevented."

It was perhaps the most important problem the arid West would ever have to face, and one it has had nearly a century to resolve. In a study that takes California's great Central Valley as a case history, economist-historian Paul S. Taylor outlines the mechanics of our failure.

Too little water for too much land Water at the wrong time and in the wrong places. And the people?—the People, yes.

Men faced these elements in the American West very early. They could not be avoided if stable communities were to be established and sustained on arid lands. Millennia ago, southwestern Indians found a precarious solution to land and water by diverting flood waters across the sands in shallow ditches. Lacking reservoirs, they remained exposed to seasonal and annual cycles of wet and dry. How, or whether, they divided the waters among their people, we do not know.

The summer of 1847 opened a new era. "Mormon pioneers turned the waters of City Creek upon the alkaline soil of Salt Lake Valley," proudly wrote William E. Smythe in his **Conquest of Arid America,** and Anglo-Saxons embarked upon the "miracle of irrigation." The Mormons distributed land and water with care. Their principle was equity among people

A generation later the national government, grasping the potentialities of irrigation, began to inquire into ways and means of promoting it. In 1873 Congress authorized a commission, to be composed of two engineers from the Army and one officer from the Coast Survey, for the purpose of examining and reporting on a system of irrigation in the San Joaquin, Tulare, and Sacramento valleys. The Army engineers, joined by Professor George Davidson of the Coast Survey, perceived at once the unity of the watershed assigned for their study, and designated it the "Great Valley of California." Their report became a milestone.

The commission concerned itself with three problems: (1) physical problems of uniting land and water; (2) sources of financing the costly structures essential to its achievement; and (3) ways to forestall bitter conflict between people by assuring equitable distribution of irrigation benefits from the beginning. We have learned since that these problems are perennial

To illustrate the feasibility of physical union of land and water in the Great Valley, the commission sketched a system of diversion canals from the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Actual construction, of course, would require further engineering investigations and be the work of time.

Then there was the problem of financing the canals. The commission saw three possible sources of funds. First, it noted, the value of land in the driest districts would increase "manyfold" and the lands should be expected, as far as possible, to pay for the construction of the irrigation works. But this source was insufficient because generally the farmers were unable to build. A second source of funds was private enterprise. The commission doubted, however, "that for a long time capital will look upon this kind of investment with favor." A third source was government—both local and state. Each of these units, the report pointed out, "will be directly benefited by . . . the increase of wealth in their revenues from taxation."

The commission foresaw a possible fi-

nancial solution through combining these three sources — the benefiting landowners, private enterprise, and state and local governments. As to the latter, it suggested, "It may be a question for the State to consider whether it is good policy to offer any special inducements in aid of such enterprises."

With these words the commission lifted the lid on an issue that has echoed down through time: should the public subsidize water development for private benefit? If so, how much, and on what terms? But farsighted as it was in perceiving enduring issues, the 1874 report failed to see that no source short of the federal government itself could produce the funds and provide the subsidies necessary to pay the cost of watering the lands of the Great Valley.

Standing at the threshold of development, the commission was mindful of people as well as of water and land. With an awareness gained from its studies of historic irrigation projects in Egypt, India, and the world over, the commission warned that the rights to water had often been handled for the benefit of private interests or particular districts. In the United States, said the commission, the "rights of water which have given so much trouble in other countries . . . can be established beforehand, if not for all time, at least on the principle of 'the greatest good for the greatest number'."

The commission offered suggestions for the protection of people against injury from private interests. The best policy, it said, was for farmers themselves to build and own the canals. Also, "As a matter of public policy . . . the land and water should be joined together, never to be cut asunder." The purpose behind both ideas was to prevent a division of interest between sellers and buyers of water.

If "private companies" rather than the farmers should undertake construction of irrigation works, these automatic protections to people would not be realized. In that event, the commission had ready a second set of precautions. Arbiters representing "each party in interest" should determine the price of water. In addition, "an association of irrigators should be chartered to administer the works, the company merely selling the water, and having nothing to do with it after it leaves their channels." As final protection for the people, a right to purchase the irrigation works on previously defined conditions should be reserved to the public.

Realism was the foundation of the commission's recommendations. Recognizing that public supervision of private development "will probably be distasteful to the parties concerned" (i.e., to the "private parties"), it nevertheless declared public supervision essential and warned that "Its neglect now will bring a fruitful crop of contentions in the future, will delay the development of the country, and . . . by making irrigation unhealthful it may make it odious."

The commission did not stand alone in its insight. Major John Wesley Powell, one of the greatest figures in the history of the West, was equally precise in diagnosis and in prognosis. Barely five years after the commission he wrote in his famous 1879 **Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions** that "the question for legislators to solve is to devise some practical means by which water rights may be distributed among individual farmers and water monopolies prevented." In a moment of political innocence, Powell wrote that "monopoly of land need not be feared."

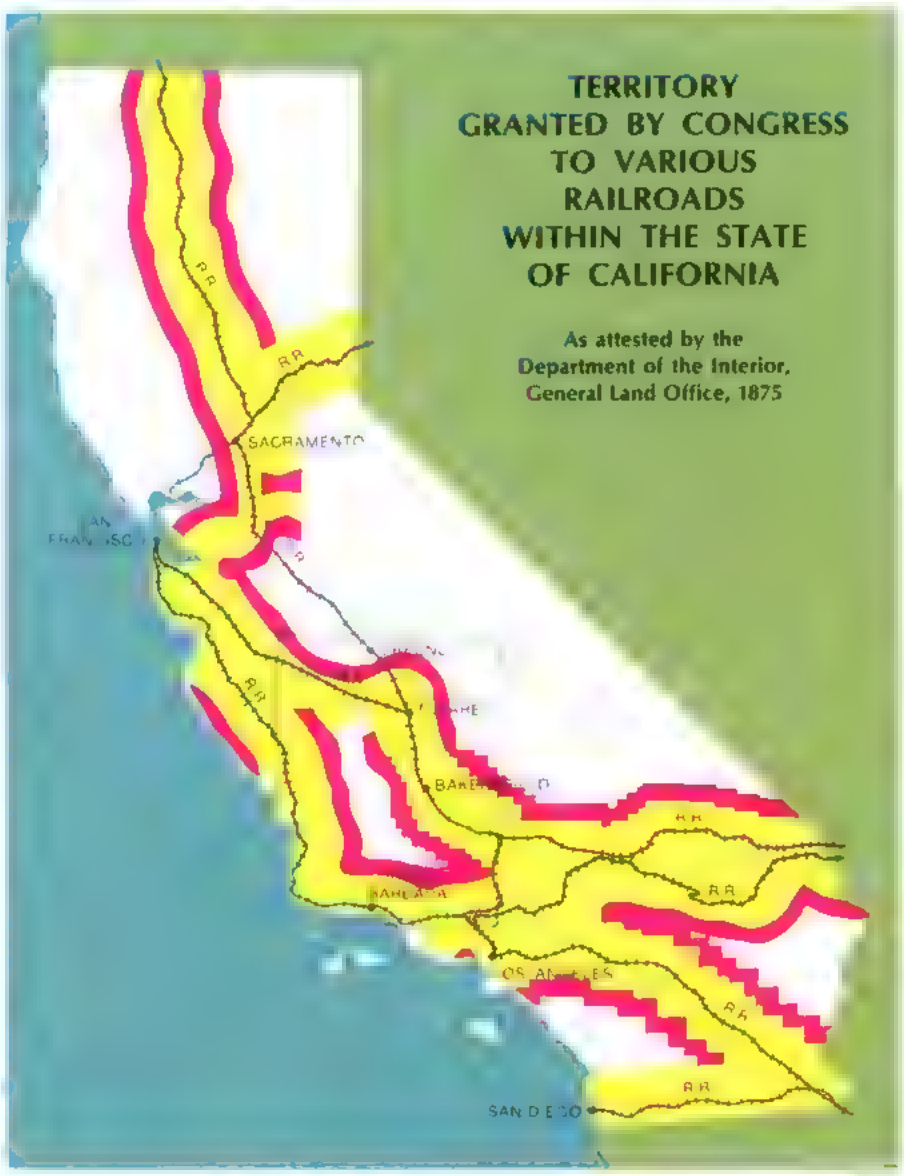
The commission's 1874 report stirred the Great Valley and gave fresh impetus to the continuing process of land monopolization there. Farsighted, aggressive men responded quickly to passages in the commission's report most relevant to their own private interests. One was explicit: "In the southern end of the valley, between Visalia and Bakersfield, and south of this town, . . . the United States own many thousand acres of land which are capable of irrigation . . . most of this land cannot be cultivated under existing circumstances." This was to be read in light of the forecast that "there is every reason to believe that the value of land in the driest districts will be appreciated manyfold."

Action came fast. "Private parties" moved into the southern end of the Valley so fast that after barely three years the **Visalia Delta** reported and warned: "No one would believe that shrewd, calculating businessmen would invest their money on the strength of land rising in value while unimproved, for even the farmer himself has to abandon it who endeavors to add to its value without water. At the same time, purchasers are not lacking who would add it to their already extensive dry domain and the people . . . will find themselves confronted by an array of force and talent to secure to capital the ownership of the water as well as of the land, and the people will at last have it to pay for."

The era of land-grabbing in California was now in full swing, impelled by the tantalizing prospect of large-scale irrigation. In the same year of 1877, when the **Visalia Delta** spoke its jeremiad, Carl Schurz, the new Secretary of the Interior, suspended all land entries at Visalia and sent an investigator into the field. The **San Francisco Chronicle** published a summary of his 300-page findings. The investigator, it said, "discovered that the [1876] Desert Land Act of Congress was simply a Ring job, and was made the medium for an organized colossal steal by the Ring, to the prejudice of thousands of honest, **bona fide** settlers, against whom it was so used as to prevent them enjoying the benefits of the letter and spirit of the Act. By arrangement and collusion, the thing was so managed as to furnish from Washington to the Ring here the instant information of the Executive approval of the Act, and in less time, by weeks, than it requires to officially communicate the necessary order to give proper operation to an Act of Congress on this coast, the Ring land-grabbers had been allowed by the officers of the Visalia Land Office to list and locate an immense area of the desert tracts."

The following year Commissioner J. A. Williamson of the General Land Office reviewed the matter and applied whitewash. Although the law restricted individual entries to a single section of land, Williamson allowed enterprising parties to obtain large tracts of land by making loans to numerous individual applicants, loans covered by liens on their filings. He found that this circumvention of the law — a method sometimes called "dummy entries" — was a "reasonable and even necessary" means of achieving irrigation on desert land. Williamson certainly reflected one aspect of the spirit of the times. In those days stories went the rounds about men who drove across occasionally overflowed lands, seated in rowboats mounted on horse-drawn trucks, so that they might swear the lands were swamps. A saying — perhaps apocryphal — was attributed to one of the most successful of land monopolists: "God will make more babies but he won't make any more land."

The response to Williamson's review was varied. The **Tulare Times** was entirely uncritical. "All that is desired," it said, "is that these barren plains should be made to blossom as the rose." But neither the **Visalia Delta**, nor the **San Francisco Chron-**



This map, based on a bit of campaign literature distributed by the People's Independent Party ("John Bidwell for Governor") in 1875, reveals one historic base for California's patterns of land monopoly. Some of the land grants shown here were strictly theoretical, since track was never laid on several proposed rail lines; nevertheless, by 1875 the great bulk of arable land lying between the Sierra Madre and the coast range was in the hands of a very few owners. The map on our facing page, showing current landownership in the San Joaquin Valley (an area enclosed within the square above), indicates that historic patterns have been carried into our own times. In fact, the curious checkerboard design apparent in some portions of the San Joaquin Valley map is the direct result of nineteenth-century railroad grants distributed in the form of alternate sections.

Original grants

Lieu lands (land outside grant area exchanged for land within, when grant lands were covered by prior claims)

icle, nor Williamson's successor as Land Commissioner was willing to accept Williamson's official behavior. The **Delta** commented sarcastically that "all that is necessary to make (the barren plains) bloom is to give them away in chunks, the size of whole states, to Carr & Haggin" (forerunners of the Kern County Land Company). The **Chronicle** spoke of "an outrageous decision" by one whose "whole official course [shows] he is always for the wealthy grabber." Land Commissioner William A. J. Sparks said his predecessor's land department had been "very largely conducted to the advantage of speculation and monopoly, private and corporate, rather than in the public interest." The public domain, he said, "was being made the prey of unscrupulous speculation and the worst forms of land monopoly through systematic frauds carried on and consummated under the public land laws." He charged Williamson with either extraordinary ineptness or direct involvement in the frauds.

The verdict of the historian is clear. Paul Wallace Gates, of Cornell University, writes: "The administration of the law, both in Washington and in the field, was frequently in the hands of persons unsympathetic to its principle, and Western interests, though lauding the act, were ever ready to pervert it." Under the cloud of monopoly, says Gates, "land sales and warrant and scrip entries in California were on an enormous scale . . . in some years comprising well over half of the sales for the entire country." By buying in advance of settlement, he concluded, the enormous monopolization was "virtually thwarting the Homestead Law in California where . . . homesteaders later were able to find little good land."

Monopoly of water showed its face quickly on the Kern River. It followed naturally on the heels of monopoly of land. There, two giant landholders locked horns in the courts — Henry Miller, the cattle king (with Charles Lux his partner), and J. B. Haggin *et al*. Division of the waters of the river was the issue.

The case hung long in the balance. If the California Supreme Court should decide that the English common law doctrine of riparian rights governed distribution of the waters of the Kern River, these

would belong to Miller and Lux.* If the Court should decide in favor of those who actually appropriate the waters for beneficial use, these waters would belong to Haggin and his partners. The Court, by a majority of one, decided for Miller and Lux.

The decision stirred a political hornet's nest. Within a month, on May 20, a convention opened in San Francisco with "anti-riparianism" as its cardinal slogan. The press, from one end of the state to the other, burst with editorials against the alleged injustice of the riparian doctrine. It was attacked as "an obstruction to the prosperity of the commonwealth." The **Alta California** observed: "If the whole bench were vacated by resignation, the operation of putting the court at one with public sentiment would be greatly simplified."

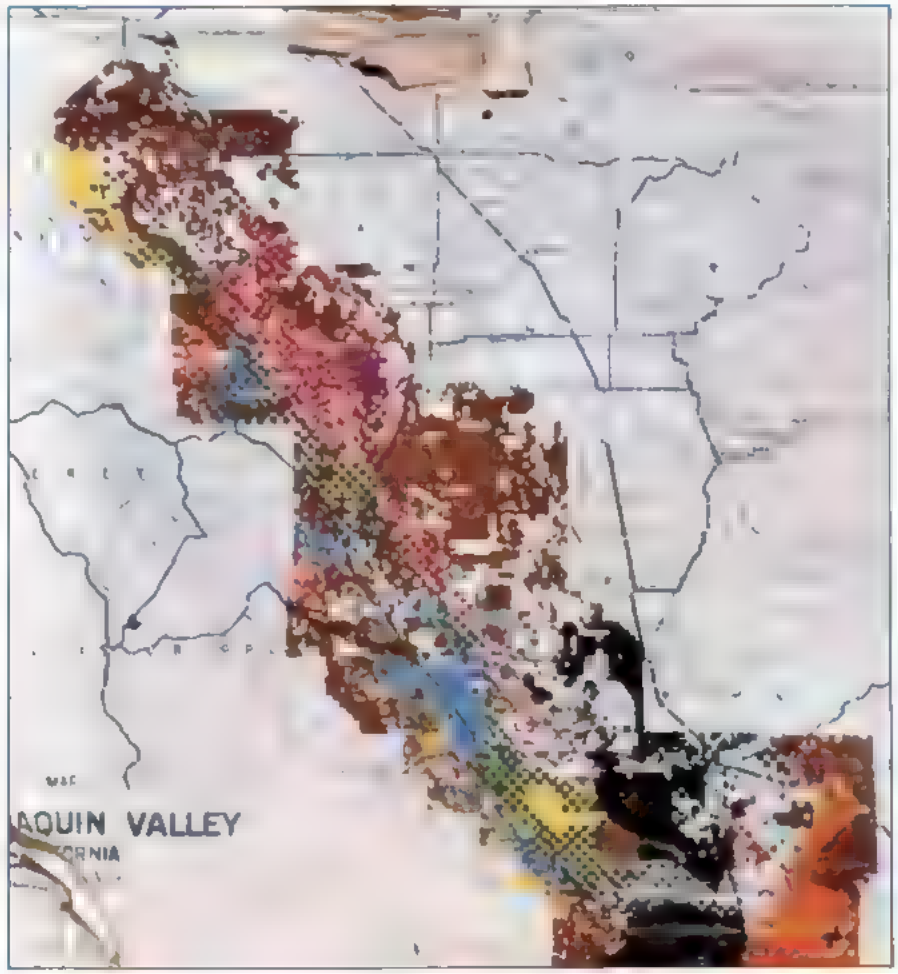
One Judge North, addressing the convention, said, "From the late decision of the Supreme Court, if that is the law of this State, there are thousands of good citizens who have made a great mistake in settling in California. We had better emigrate now to the British Provinces, where riparian law is not in force" [applause].

So the party defeated in the Court carried the contest into the public arena and began to move it toward the next session of the legislature. The victor in the Court, the biggest landowner of them all, brought this move to a halt. In a state where land monopoly had been a battle cry in legislative halls, on the hustings, and in the debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1878–79, Henry Miller "knew that the cry of the multitude was against him, he knew that his opponents were fanning their hatred, he knew that they were buying newspapers, and that petty politicians were being brought under their control." Treadwell, his biographer, records Miller's solution: "Did Henry Miller rest satisfied with the decision which gave him and his associates all the water of the Kern River? Not at all. He immediately said, 'There is more water than we can use, and it does not come at the right time of the year. It comes in a great flood early in the spring, and in the hot months of summer the river is dry.' So he said to his late antagonists, 'You builds me a reservoir, and I gives you

* Owners of land bordering on streams are entitled to the natural and usual flow and are protected against diversion of the waters for use by appropriators.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

Landholders of the "westside"—an area to be irrigated by the multi-billion-dollar California Water Project.



Southern Pacific R. R. 201,851.75 acres		Boston Ranch Co. 37,555.58 acres	
Kern County Land Co. 348,026.46 acres		Other private holdings of over 1,000 acres: 1,323,821.57 acres	
Standard Oil Co. 218,485.48 acres		Total of private holdings of individuals or corporations owning more than 1,000 acres: 2,562,950.55	
Other oil companies 264,678.64 acres		Total acreage of west and south sides (approx.): 3,995,000	
Tejon Ranch Co. 168,531.07 acres		Government lands 192,762.13 acres	

(From a map compiled by the California Center for Community Development.)

two-thirds of the water,' and the difficulty was solved. . . . The two great interests, now brought close together by the great fight, joined forces."

Public agitation — and public education — on the subject of land and water monopoly promptly subsided. Yet on the pages of the opinion of the State Supreme Court a passage remained, curiously at variance with a decision establishing water monopoly. "It does not require a prophetic vision," said the Court, "to anticipate . . . a monopoly of all the waters of the state by comparatively few individuals . controlling aggregated capital, who could either apply the water to purposes useful to themselves, or sell it to those from whom they had taken it away, as well as to others."

The 1880's closed the first phase of the long history of land, water, and people in California. A commission of the national government has verified the physical potentials of irrigation and pointed to the problems of finding capital and protecting people. Men who foresaw the increase in land values to come with water had quickly grabbed the land. These titans had divided between themselves those waters ready for use with minimum capital investment, as on the Kern. The people were shunned

The repercussions of the battles among such giants ranged through the courts, the Congress, the Legislature, and the Land Office and reached down to the ground. People who would lard their own land with their own sweat found access obstructed. Others already on the land found it difficult to remain, their removal encouraged. The United States Senate Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation of Arid Lands heard how poor Mexican farmers were forced out when they refused to be bought out. The spring waters that had served them for irrigation were appropriated and ditched to serve the lands of the appropriators. "For the purpose of freezing them out cement was used to prevent even a drop of water escaping onto their lands, and the poor farmers succumbed." A former State Senator, John M. Day, testified to this after travels in Kern County in 1886.

As a measure of the depopulation caused by water monopoly, Senator Day cited the fact that the average school attendance had dropped from 649 in 1880 to 246 in 1886. "This," he said, "is the effect of private property in water."

The problem drew the attention and disquieting analysis of one of the most acute and penetrating foreign observers ever to study and analyze the United States. In 1889, James Bryce wrote in his classic, **The American Commonwealth:**

> When California was ceded to the United States, land speculators bought up large tracts under Spanish titles, and others, foreseeing the coming prosperity, subsequently acquired great domains by purchase, either from the railways which had received land grants, or directly from the government. Some of these speculators, by holding their lands for a rise, made it difficult for immigrants to acquire small freeholds, and in some cases checked the growth of farms. Others let their land on short leases to farmers, who thus came into a comparatively precarious and often necessitous condition; others established enormous farms, in which the soil is cultivated by hired labourers, many of whom are discharged after the harvest — a phenomenon rare in the United States, which is elsewhere a country of moderately sized farms, owned by persons who do most of their labour by their own and their children's hands. Thus the land system of California presents features both peculiar and dangerous, a contrast between great properties, often appearing to conflict with the general weal, and the sometimes hard pressed small farmer, together with a mass of unsettled labour, thrown without work into the towns at certain times of the year.
>
> It all seemed so natural to some — and so unnatural to others.

Among western states no contrast in the manner of settling people on land was greater than that between Utah and California.

In Utah people came to the land first. There, as farmers on the land with their families, they built their own canals to bring water to their own farms. They left no place for speculators to come between them, their land, and their water.

California reversed this process. Speculators seized the dry land ahead of the coming of people. Then they sought ways to fund the cost of bringing water to their land. The people came last.

Despite this fundamental difference in history and in purpose, Mormon farmers and California speculators shared at least one desire: both wanted more funds to bring more water to more thirsty land. Could this common financial aspiration bring and hold them together? How far could they merge their deep differences in a common desire for public subsidies? An International Irrigation Congress, convening in Salt Lake City in 1891, was the first step. It would be a test.

The cast of characters at the Irrigation Congress quickly revealed a broad spectrum of concern over private interest in water development and public policy. One George Q. Cannon, from Salt Lake City, told the Congress: "We have refrained — I was going to say religiously — from forming large corporations to take possession of water. . . . Settlements have been combined together, and . . . have contributed by their labor in forming dams and digging ditches, to obtain the necessary supply for their acreage. . . . The poor could take land and could obtain water by their own labor."

Experience with private monopolization of land had aroused public fears in California, too. Delegate Morris M. Estee, from that state, joined with Cannon in warning of the dangers from private distribution of water. "Desert lands will be useless," he said, "if you own the lands and private interests own the water." He followed with a full-scale attack on land monopoly and proposed a legal limitation on landownership. Specifically he recommended "that no man could obtain a title to more than 320 acres of desert land, either directly or indirectly," because "if he has got water on it, [it] is more than any one man can begin to cultivate. . . . The tendency of the great West, and especially in some of our part of the West is the accumulation of vast estates in land. The object of good government is to stop this. . . . The large owner of lands only owns it for speculative purposes and not for practical uses, while the small farmer owns it for the purpose of cultivation and for sustaining his family and building up the civilization of the country" [applause].

An Oregon delegate told the Congress that his state had had "a shameful experience. My own experience in connection with the land department there is this, that millions of acres of the very best land we have today . . . [are] withheld from set-

tlement, by the acquired rights of corporations. Day after day, the honest settler seeking a home for himself and his family comes to my office . . . and I tell him I could not accept a filing. . . . The result is, gentlemen, and I am ashamed to say it, that those lands are withheld from settlement, and the prosperity, the increase in population, and the prosperity of the general country . . . has been called to a halt." He warned "against the perpetuation of any such gigantic frauds in the future."

Senator Frances E Warren, of Wyoming, pleaded with the Congress: "I do not want to see the law so constructed or passed that it can inure to the benefit of corporations. . . . I would like to see a restriction that would provide that the acreage should be limited to 160, to 320, or such other amount as may seem best."

No one rose to defend corporate owners of large tracts of land against the repeated charges of monopolization.

But the Irrigation Congress had been convened to promote water development. Discovery of sources of funds was a concern of all, and the eyes of the delegates turned toward government. The nourishing of political strength had become a political necessity.

Among those who stressed the need for public capital to develop water resources — a need foreseen so clearly by the commissioners in 1874 — was W. H Mills, of California. Delegate Mills spoke forthrightly: "Heretofore agriculture has been classed as one of the non-capitalized occupations among men. The construction of a railroad was the question of large capital. The construction of a banking business, a mercantile business, the building of ships, all these are capitalized occupations requiring the association of capital Now, for the first time, our race encounters a problem of agriculture involving within its terms the problem of the uniting of capital with the ownership of land. And right at this point comes the great question. There is a conflict between the ownership of the soil and the ownership of the water, which, up to this time has obstructed the development of every irrigation system on the Pacific Coast. It has been one of the great difficulties, to bring the water and the land together, in its financial, not its physical aspect."

Mills clarified his role at the Congress: "I am here by appointment of the Governor of the State of California, as one of the representatives of that State on this floor. I am not here in my capacity as land agent of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, nor of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, nor of the Oregon & California, nor of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad Companies, of all of which corporations I am the land commissioner If therefore I should appear on behalf of these, I would not appear by their authority."

Delegate Mills explained that one reason for the reluctance of private capital to invest in water development was fear of widening political conflict. He sought, doubtless with one eye on the California experience, to sketch lines along which conflict might develop. On the one side were landowners who would buy water from private capital's ditch "Now they say to themselves," explained Mills, "eventually, the capital invested in fertilizing this land will become oppressive, and we will be the serfs of the capitalists." On the other side were the capitalists, who "have time and time again refused to put their money there for fear of the public. It has been said, and by a gentleman on the floor of this Convention, a gentleman of large capital and large wealth, who is interested himself in the development of these systems . . . that he would not put his money into a system of irrigation, because he was afraid of the numerical strength of the people, who would use the water, and that eventually they would regulate all the wealth-producing capacity out of the capital stock of the ditch."

Faced with this dilemma of conflicting interests, Mills pointed to a way out — the use of public capital to finance water development. Then the public could be an aid to development, not left to stand as an obstacle. To gain access to public capital, the kind of broad public support that the Irrigation Congress could generate was essential. Mills continued optimistically: "Now, you perceive the beginning of the request of the people of the West that the Congress of the United States shall place in their hands a value, which may be devoted to the development of water, so that the public will own the water, and private individuals will own the land, and thus allay forever the conflict, which has obstructed the development of irrigation systems."

Mills was correct in his assertion that public capital was needed for development. Time would prove, however, that the use of public capital would not allay the conflict between public and private interest.

The Irrigation Congress, no matter how deep the division over monopoly and speculation, was not diverted from this political problem of persuading the national government to supply vast amounts of capital to develop western waters. "It will be met with opposition from the representatives from the East and from the Middle West," warned Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, later to become a coauthor of the National Reclamation Act They "will claim that the United States has no right to expend large sums of money in the development of a particular section."

Governor George C. Pardee, of California, vividly spelled out political hurdles to be overcome. "The objection would come from the east that this was a local affair, and that the people inhabiting this part of the country should act for themselves in this matter under the present land law. They would say there is enough land already in cultivation, the annual agricultural output of which they would say is sufficient. 'We object to any further cultivation of the soil in the West, when the farms of New England are lying idle?' . . . They feel jealous over this matter, that there are incentives in the great West that induce their young to leave the East and leave their interests there."

The irrigation congresses that began in 1891 ran their course for a decade before they won authorization from Congress to open the national treasury to subsidize western irrigation. During the decade delegates from a score of states met almost annually to exchange views, to reinforce convictions, and to generate enthusiasm. The proceedings of the 1893 Congress in Los Angeles reveal something of the atmosphere in which the congresses functioned. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce . . . "took hold of the Irrigation Congress . . . 'with as much interest and enthusiasm as though it had been a purely local enterprise.' At the conclusion of the Congress a number of excursions took place The Southern Pacific placed a special train at the disposal of the delegates for a trip to Chatsworth Park over a line just completed and to Port Los Angeles where there stretches into the ocean the longest wharf in existence, and to the

Continued on page 68

The Gunfighter and SOCIETY

Good Guys, Bad Guys, Deviates, and Compulsives
A View of the Adult Western

BY JOHN G. CAWELTI

TWENTY YEARS AGO, few would have predicted that the Western would become one of the most ubiquitous dramatic forms of the fifties and sixties. In the late forties the Western seemed to have just about worn itself out. The adult taste for Western novels that had kept Zane Grey on the best-seller lists continuously from 1917 to 1925, and had made his total sale of over 19,000,000, "an all-time record for the sales of a writer of adult fiction not rated as a 'classic' or worthy of school editions," was definitely waning. The Western seemed to be returning to the cultural status it had occupied just after the Civil War, when Beadle's Dime Novels transformed the complex historical romances of Cooper and his followers into an escapist literature for the young and the less educated.

The late-forties versions of the dime-novel type of Western—the pulp novels and stories of Luke Short, Max Brand, Frank Gruber, and the like; the B Western films and serials centered on Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, and company; and such radio programs as the ever-popular Lone Ranger—could still be counted on to hold an adolescent audience. But even this type of Western had become primarily a reprint business. Paperback publishers reprinted pulp classics of the early thirties, and early television largely contented itself with reruns of the films of Hoppy, Gene, and Roy for the kids.

Then, as had happened several times before, the Western revived. A new "adult" Western appeared on the scene. The decline reversed itself into a dramatic upsurge. Television, with *Gunsmoke, Rawhide, Maverick, Have Gun, Will Travel, Wyatt Earp,* and *Bonanza,* played an important role in this development, and so did the movies. A whole series of excellent new Class A Western films were produced—*High Noon, Shane, The Gunfighter, Invitation to a Gunfighter,* and many others. Today, the adult Western is one of the chief staples of TV. In a typical week (Saturday, September 16, to Friday, September 22, 1967), eighteen hours of Westerns—most of them of the new adult type—were screened on Chicago's four major stations between the hours of six and ten in the evening, composing approximately 16% of the total viewing time.

Since the new Western is such a pervasive feature of our culture, some reflection on its character and some speculation about the reasons for its emergence at this stage of our history are surely in order.

Of course, not everyone is enthusiastic about the new trend in Westerns. Recently I clipped an ad for the new film *Rough Night in Jericho,* which makes the pitch that here at last is a film which is *not* one of the "adult" Westerns. Under the heading "Who says they don't make Westerns like they used to?" the ad exclaims: *Remember what was so great about the Westerns you used to see as a kid? It was the* action *wasn't it? Plenty of action. And entertainment you didn't need an analyst along to explain. You were given a Good Guy, a Bad Guy and a Pretty Girl. And action.*

This ad suggests three things that differentiate the new Western from the good old rootin'-tootin' shoot-'em-up: the new Westerns have less physical action; they are more complex; and they lack clear moral oppositions. None of these complaints are true without qualification, but properly understood they point out important features of the adult Western style.

Action is a notoriously vague dramatic criterion because one man's action can be another man's lullaby. Judging from the adwriter's nostalgia for the Westerns he saw "as a kid," we can infer that "action" here means flight and pursuit, capture and escape, events that require the maximum amount of movement across the landscape, and that emerge from the confrontation of

good guys and bad guys. "Action" in this sense eventuates in a particular kind of suspense: we are continuously fearful that the hero will not capture (or escape from) the villain or that he will be killed by other dangers, such as the cliffs over which the Lone Ranger used to dangle so precariously. The standard dime novel or B Western embodies just this rhythm. Villain pursues hero, who escapes and turns the tables. Then hero pursues villain and captures him.

But flight and pursuit, particularly if carried on at considerable length, soon become very boring because the pattern is so repetitive and lacking in human interest. The good pulp writers quickly discovered ways of adding the dimension of human complexity to their stories. One favorite device was to conceal the protagonist's heroism through the first half of the story. Max Brand's classic pulp, *Destry Rides Again,* did this with considerable skill. Destry returns from prison apparently a broken man. He turns pale at the slightest danger, avoids the brawls for which he was famous, and accepts insults he would formerly have revenged with lightning speed. His enemies look forward to cowing him completely, but at the crucial moment the worm turns and shows that he is the old Destry. It was a trick. Destry has acted the coward in order to throw his enemies off guard and to discover who had framed him into prison. His seemingly unheroic actions are revealed as pursuit in disguise, and at this point the rhythm of flight and pursuit begins in earnest, and the story winds up with the classical confrontation between hero and villain. The indignities that Destry undergoes while playing out his stratagem only make us more sympathetic to him when he turns out to be the hero

But let us imagine a slightly different version of the Destry story. As a result of his prison experiences Destry has become bitter and disgusted with the violence of his former way of life. He has lost his desire for revenge When he returns to town, he really hopes to forget the past and settle down as a peaceful citizen. However, his former enemies, distrusting his motives and fearful that he will uncover their crimes and carry out his revenge, try to hound him out of town. Pushed to the wall, Destry reluctantly realizes that he must fight or flee. It is a hard decision, but the worm turns, and the rest of the story works out as before. *Destry* now begins to sound like a new adult Western. The action is now as much a conflict between two sides of a single individual as a moral opposition between a good man and an evil one. The suspense now centers on how the hero will resolve this inner conflict instead of on whether he will be able to capture the villains. Since much of this action is within the hero's mind, it cannot be witnessed directly but must be inferred from its external signs. Moreover, because the conflict is internalized in a single individual, it is harder to tell good from evil. What is really at stake is not goodness, but the integrity and identity of the hero's character. Thus, the story seems more complex and obscure, and in the language of our adwriter, we "need an analyst along" to explain it.

This emphasis on internal action within the basic rhythm of flight and pursuit has always distinguished the more sophisticated Western from the pulp. In this respect the difference between Destry and *The Gunfighter* is the same as that between Cooper's Natty Bumppo and Edward Ellis's Seth Jones, or between Deadwood Dick and Owen Wister's Virginian. Character and inner conflict are important qualities of the new adult Western, but they do not differentiate it from its predecessors. Nor is it really correct to say, as some critics have, that the new Western is more realistic about sex and psychology. The adult Western has always been concerned with sex and psychology, as Leslie Fiedler's

analysis of Cooper's Leatherstocking saga makes clear. The passion that flows between the theoretically chaste Cora and Uncas makes the relationship between Marshall Dillon and Kitty look like the refined dialogue of an elderly spinster and her brother. Nor are any of the neurotic villains of the contemporary Western more driven by obsessions and unconscious impulses than the mad Magua of Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans.* Of course, the ways of talking about sex and psychology have changed, and Cooper did not have the benefit of Freud.

The pulps, on the other hand, have never shown much interest in either women or neuroses. On the whole they have been content with the display of a pretty girl loyal to the hero in a rather sisterly way, along with an occasional wanton allied with the villain. Very few pulps show love or passion posing a significant problem for the hero. However, in a more grown-up Western like *The Virginian,* the conflict between the hero's love for his genteel Eastern sweetheart and his adherence to the code of the West creates much of the story's suspense. This varying emphasis on sex reflects the different ages and interests of two fairly separate audiences rather than a general shift in cultural attitudes between the present and the past.

The difference between the contemporary adult Western and the Westerns of earlier periods is most evident in the characteristic inner conflicts generated by certain story types that pervade the new Western. Two types in particular stand out. For convenience I will refer to them as the "man-in-the-middle" and the "group-involvement" plots or story types.

THE MAN-IN-THE-MIDDLE STORY deals with a hero who finds himself acting both within and outside the law — both involved with, and alienated from, society. In this type of story, the gunfighter often takes the place of the sheriff or cowboy as hero, because the gunfighter's position with respect to the law is, by convention, ambiguous. According to the traditional code of the West (at least as it is mythically remembered), the gunfighter is not a criminal, though he may have killed many men. On the other hand, by standards of civilized society, he is outside the law since he has taken the law into his own hands. Western society, itself split between these two concepts of morality, cannot put the gunfighter in jail, but it can and usually does try to make him leave town, unless it decides in an even more ambivalent fashion that it temporarily needs his services. Finally, the gunfighter's own motives are likely to be ambivalent. He may be tired of his violent way of life and eager to settle down to a peaceful old age, but unable to do so because of his reputation and the need to prove himself anew against younger gunmen. Or his violent career may have alienated him both from society and from his role as a gunfighter.

Of course, the man-in-the-middle doesn't have to be a gunfighter. He may be a lawman who is called upon to carry out a duty morally or emotionally repugnant to him. For example, he may be required to shoot down an old friend or a man with whose plight he profoundly sympathizes; this often happens to the reluctant Marshal Dillon on *Gunsmoke.* Or the man-in-the-middle may be a cowboy who, like Natty Bumppo, is fleeing from the encroachments of civilized society as symbolized by the fencing-in of the range. But whereas Natty's way of life directly conflicts with that of civilized society, the new cowboy hero, such as Kirk Douglas in *Man Without a Star,* finds himself both drawn to, and repelled by, society. His ultimate flight is not a positive rejection of society like Natty's departure for the West, but an evasive drifting on.

The man-in-the-middle's problem is that he cannot resolve his inner conflict by committing himself to one of the two courses of action or ways of life that divide him. Typically, man-in-the-middle stories end either in the hero's death or in violence, reluctantly entered upon, which does not resolve the hero's conflict. An earlier (1902) adult Western hero, Wister's Virginian, chose to live out the code of the West as a matter of honor and duty, even though his sweetheart threatened to leave him. But his problem was solved when she saw him in danger and realized that her love was greater than her genteel antipathy to violence. The hero thus gains both the victory over his enemy and a respectable place in society by marrying and "settling down." In contrast, the central figure in *High Noon,* forced to fight against his will by the town's failure to support him, is left so bitter by his victory that he can only turn his back on society with disgust.

Society plays a part in the man-in-the-middle Western rather different from that in earlier adult Westerns. First of all, society is the setting for the man-in-the-middle story. Whereas Cooper's stories grew out of a confrontation between Indian and white man in the wilderness, and whereas Wister's Virginian works out most of his

fate on the far-flung range and comes into town only at the climactic moment, the man-in-the-middle story characteristically arises from the hero's confrontation with the town and works itself out almost entirely in its muddy streets and ramshackle frame buildings. In the new Western, the West doesn't represent wilderness so much as a particular moment in social history—a place in time between two conflicting ways of life: the period of the heroic code of the West with its anarchistic and personal violence, and the time of settled middle-class society with its impersonal legal and political institutions, and its non-violent citizenry.

The co-existence of these two conflicting ways of life is the basic source of the man-in-the-middle's problem. The newly respectable society of the town professes to abhor violence. But at the same time, it seems to need, admire, and fear the gunfighter. In *Shane*, for example, settled society is helpless to defend itself without the skills of the gunfighter; yet it can offer him no permanent place. Henry King's tired and despairing gunfighter comes to town hoping to settle down with his wife and child; but the town, though its respectable citizens decry his way of life, will not permit him to abandon it. The hero is caught between these ambiguous demands that intensify his own inner conflict. The result can only be destruction or evasive flight.

But what makes this problematic figure a hero in the Western tradition? What gives him that larger-than-life quality that differentiates him from the ambiguous and disturbed protagonist of many contemporary realistic novels? In part the answer is that the man-in-the-middle possesses not only the costume but also the skills of the traditional Western hero. Self-divided though he may be, he is still able to outshoot and outfight anybody else in town. Unlike the Herzogs or the Holden Caulfields of serious fiction, the man-in-the-middle has a particular kind of integrity that makes him the moral as well as the physical superior of the town. Like the traditional Western hero, the man-in-the-middle is prepared to defend his person and his style to the ultimate degree.

Let us nail down some of these observations by analyzing a specific example of this new type of adult Western, *Invitation to a Gunfighter*. The plot begins when a Confederate soldier returns to his home somewhere in the West to find that his farm has been confiscated and sold by the local banker, who has gained tyrannical power over the town by controlling its money. The young Confederate, goaded to violence, drives off the farmer who has bought his farm, and kills him in the course of their struggle. Firmly barricaded in his house, he prepares to stand off all attempts to bring him to justice. Persuaded by the banker, who is quickly uncovered as the movie's chief villain, the town hires a gunfighter to shoot down the Confederate. This gunfighter, Jules D'Estaing, the man-in-the-middle, turns out to be a rather extraordinary figure in the mold of the elegant gentleman gunfighter, like Paladin of *Have Gun, Will Travel*. From the moment he arrives in town, D'Estaing's motives become increasingly ambivalent. Initially he sets about preparing a trap for the Confederate in a brutal and efficient fashion. However, as he becomes more aware of the town's avarice and cowardice and comes to understand the way in which the banker has enslaved the population, his contempt rises and he grows more and

MAN IN THE MIDDLE:
Matt Dillon, once again pushed beyond the brink to unfortunate violence, regards the consequences of his equivocal position.

more reluctant to carry out the job he has accepted. In a drunken rampage, D'Estaing symbolically rips off portions of the fancy false fronts on the town's main street, loads them into a donkey cart, and then forces the banker to ask the donkey's forgiveness. Finally, unable to resolve his conflict, he decides to leave without carrying out his commission. In short, he elects to remain in the middle, siding neither with the Confederate nor with the town. This leads to his destruction. The banker cannot afford to let D'Estaing drift on, for the gunfighter has subverted his power over the town by setting the style of personal honor and violence against the system of monetary and legal control. In a final confrontation between Confederate, banker, and gunfighter, D'Estaing refuses to use his superiority in violence, and is shot in the melée that develops. Paradoxically, it is his refusal of the final shoot-out that expresses this man-in-the-middle's ultimate integrity. His death rather than his skill in violence accomplishes the destruction of his enemy. The banker is shot by the Confederate, and the film ends with the town's social order at least temporarily released from tyranny.

D'Estaing's fate is almost tragic. In fact, this film and Henry King's similar *The Gunfighter* probably come the closest of any Western to a tragic expression. But both films remain romantic fantasies, because in the end the hero's fate is seen not in tragic isolation but as a kind of vicarious atonement for the sins of the town. The man-in-the-middle is still essentially a mysterious superhero whose function is to exorcise evil. In the new Western, however, the evil is embodied in society's own ambiguities rather than in the external form of Indians or rustlers. The town is saved from its irresolvable ambivalence because the hero — the man-in-the-middle — takes this conflict upon himself and accepts the death or alienation that is its consequence.

The fantasy element in this presentation of the man-in-the-middle as savior can be clearly seen in contrast to the more hard-minded version of the new Western created by the great Japanese film-maker Akira Kurosawa. In Kurosawa's *Yojimbo*, a samurai (gunfighter) is brought into a town in order to bring peace. He operates by so intensifying the violence that in the end everybody in town except the old man who had originally hired him has been either killed or driven away. The film's ironic ending has the samurai shoulder his sword and walk away from the shambles, assuring the old man that there will be plenty of peace and quiet from now on. Thus, *Yojimbo* reverses the equation between the town and the man-in-the-middle. Its samurai hero, instead of accepting and atoning for society's conflict between community and violence, forces the town to act out its conflicts and thereby destroy itself.

THE SECOND TYPE of new adult Western looks at first glance like the very antithesis of the man-in-the-middle story. I have called it the "group-involvement" Western because, instead of focusing primarily on the fortunes of a single individual, its hero is really a group of people. In its most obvious form the group-involvement Western substitutes a family for the individual hero, as in TV's immensely popular *Bonanza* and such imitators as *The Big Valley* and *The High Chaparral*. In another type of group-involvement Western, an unrelated group of people is forced into a situation in which they become dependent on one another, as in the classic movie *Stagecoach*, where a group of extremely diverse strangers traveling by stagecoach had to come together in the face of an Indian attack. In the group-involvement Western, the single plot line and clear resolution of both the traditional Western and the man-in-the-middle story give way to interrelated stories. Moreover, these Westerns rarely end in the death of the hero — there is no hero — and do not always explicitly depict violence, though the threat of it is always present. A single, straightforward villain is extremely rare; and when there is one, he turns out to be the victim of as much inner conflict as the good guys. Some of these Westerns have almost as many subplots as a novel by Trollope or Dickens.

Though some of the group-involvement Westerns are not really Westerns at all — in the sense that they are disguised forms of realist drama, conventionalized and slightly romanticized by the use of Western settings — most of them still have a recognizable thematic pattern. The characteristic structure of such a Western appeared in a particularly clear form in a movie made for TV that premiered on October 31, 1967. *Stranger on the Run* has so many interrelated subplots that it defies brief summary. Essentially, it brings together in a complex situation the following characters: (*a*) a drunkard who appears in town on a vague mission for a man he has met on his drunken wanderings and who is framed and pursued for a murder he did not commit; (*b*) the leader of a gang of railroad guards who is seeking to rise in the world by his tough-mindedness but who has developed

GROUP INVOLVEMENT: ***The Cartwrights—Hoss, Ben, and Little Joe—reason together in the conversation pit of the Ponderosa. Disintegrative forces lie just beyond their line camps.***

an increasingly uncontrollable lust for blood and violence; (*c*) a widowed ranch wife whose son wants to become a gunman and who is desperately trying to get him into some more respectable line of work; (*d*) the son himself, a teenage rebel looking for a father, who admires the skill of the gunfighters but who is basically decent and peace-loving; (*e*) a tired gunfighter, member of the railroad gang, who is getting old and nearsighted, and has lost his taste for violence; (*f*) other members of the railroad gang with conflicts and problems of their own; (*g*) a negro ranch hand who meets the drunkard while he is being pursued by the railroad gang and who teaches him the true meaning of courage; etc. . . . Makes you yearn for those action-filled Westerns you saw as a child, doesn't it?

In fact, *Stranger on the Run* handled all these complications fairly well. The diverse people and their problems came to a focus around the pursuit of the drunkard by the railroad guards. In the process, the drunkard rediscovered his integrity and came to terms with the sense of guilt he had been evading. This process was aided by an incipient romance between him and the ranch widow. The now-sober drunkard provided a model of nonviolent honorable behavior and adult authority for the rebellious teenager. Finally a confrontation between the reformed drunkard and the leader of the railroad gang brought the latter to his senses and made him realize the extent to which he had been overcome by blood lust. This eased the inner conflict of the tired gunfighter who had found himself torn between his loyalty to the leader and his fear that the man was becoming psychotic. The truly violent gang members were conveniently killed off in the course of the final confrontation, and the film ended on the optimistic note that this collection of isolated deviates and compulsives had been healed by the

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"A Superior Education to All, without Price"

BY J. R. K. KANTOR

It would be difficult to offer a more impressive example of the startlingly rapid economic, cultural, and population growth of the West during the past hundred years than that furnished by the swift rise of the University of California, an institution that in this month of March, 1968, celebrates the culmination of its centennial year. As everyone knows, the University of California is not merely big — it is the biggest university in the world. And this characteristically American (and western) realization of giganticism is matched by a scholarly prestige that establishes "Cal" among the handful of "great universities" in the academic sense

A hundred years ago the University of California was small and poor, but it was the expression of an idea that harbored greatness. The university had been holding classes for only three years on the old College of California campus in Oakland when, in October, 1872, Professor Daniel Coit Gilman came out from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale to become president of the young institution. In his inaugural address, Gilman stated a principle that had a future:

> This is the "University of California." It is not the University of Berlin nor of New Haven which we are to copy; it is not the University of Oakland nor of San Francisco which we are to create; but it is the University of this State. It must be adapted to this people, to their public and private schools, to their peculiar geographical position, to the requirements of their new society and their undeveloped resources. It is not the foundation of an ecclesiastical body nor of private individuals. It is "of the people and for the people" — not in any low or unworthy sense, but in the highest and noblest relations to their intellectual and moral well-being. . . . It opens the door of superior education to all, without price.

A few months later, the buildings at Berkeley — South Hall and North Hall — were completed from plans by David Farquarson, and the university moved to its permanent site. South Hall, which remains today as one of the campus's architectural glories, provided space for the agricultural and scientific laboratories as well as the library. Recalling in later years this "book room," Joseph Cummings Rowell ('74) wrote: "The Library enjoyed one unusual advantage. At the south end of the long hall was a chemical laboratory from which, when the wind was in the right direction, the pungent fumes of chlorine and other equally efficacious disinfectants were wafted into the sacred precincts, to the utter destruction of all book worms (except bipeds)."

North Hall, built of wood, was the larger structure and housed the classrooms for the College of Letters as well as the Assembly Hall, here photographed by Edweard Muybridge in 1874 (showing President Gilman at the rostrum, with Professor [later President] Martin Kellogg seated at his right).

Despite the implied evidence of our photograph, an actual total of 191 students attended classes at Berkeley during the year 1873/74; among them was Josiah Royce, a member of the class of 1875. After teaching English at his alma mater for a few years, Royce was called to Harvard in 1882 to begin his eminent career as dean of American philosophers. During his Berkeley residence, Royce was one of the contributors to the newly-established **Berkeleyan,** a predecessor of today's **Daily Californian.** This paper was filled with notes and comments of a high order, including the following article entitled "Student Labor":

> Many persons who do not seem to keep themselves any too well informed in regard to internal workings of our University have expressed a belief that this is a "University for rich men's sons." For the benefit of such persons, I have taken the trouble to collect the names of such students as have assisted themselves during the past term. I find ninety-eight on this list. Many of the students have found work about the grounds of the University. Some work for their board in private families. Others spend their Saturdays in San Francisco, working at their trades. By a little more canvassing I have no doubt but what the list could be increased. We might safely say over fifty percent of the students assist themselves by manual labor. This certainly is quite gratifying to our rich men if none other than their sons attend the University

Illustrated by MUYBRIDGE.
CALIFORNIA.
Published by BRADLEY & RULOFSON.
UNIVERSITY BERKELEY, College of Letters; Assembly Hall.

Nearly a hundred years ago: a goodly portion of the student body of the University of California assembles in North Hall to attend the words of President Daniel Coit Gilman.

J. R. K. Kantor is Archivist for the University of California, Berkeley, and a staff member of the Bancroft Library. He is the editor of **Grimshaw's Narrative,** a gold rush manuscript published in 1964.

Arches of the railroad station, Tyrone

Tyrone, an extravagantly-planned mining town in the mountain deserts of New Mexico, and Venice, a recreational fantasy of Southern California, stand as peculiar monuments to the romantic urge in western city planning. In this excerpt from Ghost Towns of New Mexico *(University of New Mexico Press), Michael Jenkinson narrates the birth, life, and demise of Tyrone; in "Arrivederci, Venice" (page 43), Helen Hosmer recalls the Venice she knew, a grand celebration whose dream has withered.*

TYRONE

THE CREATION OF A MODEL GHOST TOWN

BY
MICHAEL JENKINSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL KERNBERGER

IN A DRAW OF THE BURRO MOUNTAINS, southwest of Silver City, there is a railroad station that cost more than one hundred thousand dollars to build, yet was later sold for a single dollar. No rails approach this mammoth stucco structure; day and night the station clock reads 5:01. Looking at the marble drinking fountains and empty portal-arched walkways, one thinks of the paintings of Gregorio DiChirico, or the movie sets of Cecil B. DeMille.

Sometimes tourists—whose knowledge of New Mexico includes apprehension of Indian attack and the wisdom of bringing halizone tablets to avoid diarrhea—stray off Highway 80. By the time they reach the Burro Mountains, the lonely stretch and swell of a land broken only by a few ranch houses has vaguely menaced them—they puzzle over maps and look forward to the comfort of a town with streetlights and a Woolworth store. If it is summer, there are mirages; this too is disturbing. Such people, coming suddenly upon the hollow, silent station, must surely reject it as hallucination, as they must the entire town of Tyrone, which clusters around the trainless depot.

Close to the station, other huge buildings rise out of dust and weeds: the two-story mercantile store, an office building inscribed "Burro Mountain Copper Company," and a structure that once housed a library, bank, barbershop, and other businesses. As with the depot, one feels they are unreal, that behind the looming facades there is only a buttresswork of supporting beams. On a hill above the station are numerous homes roofed with red Spanish tile. Before them, dead grape vines straddle sagging fences like fish skeletons entangled in forgotten nets.

Tyrone was from the beginning less a town than a creation. Most towns grow up like the humans who inhabit them: complex, contradictory, ill-equipped to fulfill their dreams. All of Tyrone existed on blueprint before in reality—better than a million dollars were spent in its sudden creation. Here then, truly, was the model mining camp, a place for five thousand people fashioned by design rather than the diverse struggles of numerous individuals. It is such a town that humanists see the world of the future inhabiting.

Yet Tyrone, the town, was but a puppet to the price of copper. Six years after the final blueprint had been realized in concrete, steel, and glass, Tyrone was virtually abandoned. The creation remains, cracking apart in the sun of southern New Mexico.

It was for turquoise, not copper, that men first scratched at the slopes of the Burro Mountains. Long before Europeans sought the spices of Cathay by sailing to the West, Indians were mining turquoise in the Burro Mountains. Their methods of extraction can only be surmised by the few signs that remained after they

Church

had mysteriously abandoned the shallow excavations they had dug, carefully concealing the mines with a black earth fill. From layers of charcoal and crude stone hammers found in such pits, it has been speculated that fire and rapid cooling were used to break loose large chunks of ore, which were then broken into smaller pieces by the mallets. Far more intriguing is the question of why work was stopped on these mines, their locations concealed—for under the black earth fills were valuable deposits of turquoise that had been left untouched.

There is some dispute as to which white man rediscovered these turquoise deposits. Until the 1870's no prospectors who went into the area returned alive. Men began to speak of the Burro Mountains not only as a stronghold of the Apache, but as a place where death came in other, more inexplicable ways. During the 1870's, however, several unsuperstitious prospectors prowled the region, evaded the Apache, and returned with rich turquoise and copper ore. John Coleman, who was soon nicknamed Turquoise John, was the most successful of these men, and by 1879 he had staked out a number of claims.

The recorded history of mining in the Burro Mountains during the period from 1880 to 1915, when Tyrone was created, is a complex skein of staked and jumped claims, wheeling and dealing with properties, development of ores, and finally a gradual domination by large corporations. Of more interest are the sidelights, the bits of flesh that cling to a skeleton of names and dates. One notes that a bartender named Dick Lee accumulated a small fortune by trading "Dago Red" to Mexican mine laborers in exchange for filched turquoise. Of equal fascination and lack of impact upon the course of the world was the fact that the owner of a store in one of the turquoise camps was arrested for selling margarine, on the grounds that the innovation was poisonous.

An expert on semiprecious stones once stated that the quality of turquoise taken from the Burro Mountains was unsurpassed by any in the world, although he allowed that gems taken from the Persian mines of Abu Riah and Nishapen might be their equal. Small wonder then that four of these local gems were presented to President McKinley on his tour of New Mexico in 1901; or that Lillian Russell wore one in her role as the American Princess

Alfonse Vogel emigrated from Germany to find his

Courthouse

fortune in the New World. In New York he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of felt for piano keys. Alfonse had little money; marriage was out of the question. So the young man went West to find a fortune so that he could return to claim the hand of his love with honor. His brother Felix was becoming rich on turquoise mined in the Burro Mountains. Alfonse accordingly went there, worked hard at mining, and saved for the triumphant day when he should return to New York as a gentleman of means. Within two years he was dead of typhoid fever.

His waiting bride-to-be was grief-stricken, and languished. Felix, passing through New York, tarried to offer condolences. Five years later they were married, honeymooned in Europe, returned to dwell by turquoise mines in the Burro Mountains, and presumably lived happily ever after.

Felix Vogel's partners in turquoise mining were also immigrants. Adolph Armenne came from Paris; Louis Rothschild, from England. Louis was a poor cousin of the Rothschild family, which meant he was good for the better part of the investment needed to develop the mines. Rothschild and Vogel, urbane gentlemen in a land recently snatched from the Apache, would gravely sort turquoise in the plank shed they called an office. The better pieces were lovingly packed in pound boxes and taken to Silver City by horse and buggy, where they were shipped to Tiffany's in New York.

A number of fortunes were realized from these and other turquoise mines in the area. But, by 1911 the turquoise deposits were almost exhausted—Vogel had left for Mexico to invest in a giant salt mine, and most of his rivals were gone also.

By their nature, turquoise mines produce great value from little ore and consequently require few miners. There is almost nothing left today of the turquoise camps, and the miner incisions their diggers made into the mountains have been scarred over by brush, smoothed by erosion.

Far more monumental and disfiguring is the detritus of copper mining. Two miles south of Tyrone there is a place where the mountains are scraped and punctured. Huge ore dumps swell like cankers on canyon floors. Here, in 1881, the town of Paschal came into being. Within a year it was the leading copper camp in the territory of New Mexico; within five years it was abandoned.

It was a metallurgical junkman, Theodore Carter, who became the pivotal figure of copper mining in the Burro Mountains. After buying up most of the cast-off properties around the ghost camp of Paschal, he convinced investors that capital was all that was needed to make the district once again an important producer. His case was bolstered by his own discoveries of richer ores on ignored, tramped-over locations. During the first few years after the turn of the century, Carter's vision became a reality. Backed by enough money to blast apart an entire mountain, Carter organized the Burro Mountain Copper Company, which built roads and telephone lines, and a large concentrating plant. A town, Leopold—named after an important stockholder—grew over the site of Paschal.

But Carter, the visionary, was also a realist. Mining is a perverse field for a thrifty man, and the wisest men will in the end tell you that geologists are the descendants of tea-leaf readers, that assays are, at best, lottery. Mining is a good gamble for the lean dreamer with nothing to lose or for huge corporations with enough stockholders to cover every bet on every table. Fortunate indeed is the dreamer making good who knows when to leave the game.

Between the years of 1904 and 1912, the Phelps-Dodge Corporation purchased all of the properties held by the Burro Mountain Mining Company of Theodore Carter.

There was now another copper camp in the Burro Mountains, Tyrone, which like Leopold was a small and rather drab place.

In 1915, production in the copper mines of Tyrone and Leopold was soaring. Encouraged by a steady rise in the value of copper, the Phelps-Dodge Corporation commenced large-scale operations in the Burro Mountains, building a concentrating mill with a capacity of two thousand tons per day. The ores seemed inexhaustible.

The time of Tyrone, the creation, was at hand.

Wishing to build a model mining city, Phelps-Dodge officials cast about for the finest architect money could hire. They felt they had found him when they secured the services of Bertram G. Goodhue, designer of San Diego's Panama-California Exposition. Goodhue designed Tyrone—Phelps-Dodge spent better than a million dollars building it. The old towns of Tyrone and Leopold were razed; replacing them was the sort of town that rarely gets beyond the stage of a papier-mâché model at a country fair or in a city hall.

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Arrivederci, VENICE

BY HELEN HOSMER

Helen Hosmer, who won in the Hesitation Waltz at about the age of nine, has led varied careers in the past as radio writer, newspaperwoman, editor, publisher, historian, and housewife. At present, she serves as a weekly radio news commentator, and is an Editorial Assistant for The American West.

Memory is a fugitive thing, a matter of sudden, full-blown playbacks, triggered at a moment's notice by wisps of sound or smell. Some years ago I found myself wandering the aged alleyways of Venice, Italy, and came across the sight of a woman seated in a doorway. She was the precise, living image of Napoleon Bonaparte.

I stopped, stricken not only by the sight of her but by the smell of the sausages she was cooking in a brazier at her feet. Instantly, the rich, pungent aroma of those sausages thrust me backward through time to another Venice, a garish, slipshod, wonderful imitation thrown up on the sands of Southern California in an age of innocence—mine and America's.

In the years before World War I, my mother usually rented a beach cottage at Venice for a few weeks each summer in order to escape the stunning heat of Los Angeles. I remember the fifteen-mile trip from the city to the beach as a mixture of awe and agony. The awe was for the "Big Red Cars," the suburban electric trains (long since gone) that left from Sixth and Hill streets, marked **Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica** — intimidating, fearsome, and authoritative in their obvious superiority to anything strictly local. The agony was in the crowds who surged aboard the cars to take advantage of the regular Thursday excursion rates. To a nine-year-old, all grown-ups are as big as the Jolly Green Giant, and I found myself trapped every summer with a crushing, gabbling army of them aboard the train; the trip was something I endured in a tight-lipped panic that can still make my skin crawl when I remember it.

For a child of provincial Los Angeles, Venice was enough to make the trip worthwhile. Pale imitation it may have been, but the air of constant excitement was genuine, and the crowds were cheerfully determined to have a good time; and if the pleasures it afforded were too innocent to match a landscape deliberately suggestive of the sinister delights of the Renaissance, they were nonetheless satisfying — particularly to a child. It was a place of memorable sights. The central section of the resort was a collection of gorgeous excesses: Potted palms and pennants lined the streets in constant celebration (of what I was never sure); and the architecture was the grandest — an intricate blend of Italianate columns, porticoes, and balustrades, only slightly marred by the presence of guess-your-weight machines

and cigar stores. Through the streets rattled automobiles and the peculiar little electric jitneys that looked like self-energized wicker baskets, and startling gondolas slid through the waters of the Grand Canal, poled along by gondoliers presumably imported from the far reaches of the port of San Pedro. In the shops could be found a wide selection of glorious picture postcards and *objets d'art*— mother-of-pearl rings, mother-of-pearl brooches, mother-of-pearl necklaces, mother-of-pearl cigar shears, plaster-of-paris Italian statues of wood nymphs and angels, busts of Beethoven and Dante.

It was a place of sounds, smells, and tastes. The most persistent sound was the clamoring of the vendors and hawkers on the amusement pier and along the boardwalk; I remember one repetitive cry in particular, coming from men in white coats pushing along their little carts: "Hokey-Pokeys, two for five!" They sold a square of ambrosia wrapped in waxed paper — ice cream, it was called, but I have never tasted anything like it since. There was a stupefying variety of smells: lavender water and Havana cigar smoke mingled with the salt of the sea wind to provide much of the general atmosphere; but the sharpest smells, as I remember them, were of roast chicken at beach picnics, sausages sputtering in their own hot grease, candied apples and popcorn, endless twists of long pearly-white taffy, strawberry phosphates and lemonade, dill pickles, gigantic cream puffs filled with custard, and great clouds of pink cotton candy.

There were events enough to satisfy everyone. There were always the attractions of the sun, sand, and surf, thoroughly enjoyable even in an era when bathing suits covered the female body in long, drooping wet

folds edged with white braid, the legs encased in black stockings, the feet in tennis shoes. Beyond this were the formalized delights of dances at the Pavilion, auto races, gondola excursions, ten-cent camel rides, the thrills of the amusement pier, Sunday afternoon band concerts, and — occasion of occasions — the annual Fourth of July bacchanalia, with parades, speeches, blaring trumpets, and a stupendous display of fireworks off the beach.

Venice was an enormous fantasy, but there was nothing unique in its simple pleasures; it was the dream of genteel good fun come to life. That its tinsel became tarnished and tawdry in the hands of the image-makers was not the fault of the genteel.

My mother usually rented a cottage fairly close to the beach-front, away from the Grand Canal. The cottages she rented were nearly all the same, thin-walled but adequate, affording us a sense of continuity from one summer to the next. A gap-toothed planked runway connected the cottages to the "boardwalk" (*not* boarded, it should be said; the term was imported by easterners habituated to Atlantic City and Coney Island).

Each morning I would slip into my one-piece bathing suit and with a dime in hand race barefoot to the bakery on the waterfront for a dozen hot, beautifully frosted, rich, raisin-filled cinnamon rolls. On one such morning (the first of a brand-new summer vacation) I started across our planked runway. While running, I suddenly noticed movement in the shadow under the planks — large, brown rats were swarming inches from my bare feet. I stood on the runway in a paralysis of nightmare and simply screamed. My mother rushed out,

caught me up, and got me across the planks. And saw the rats. And screamed. Venice, California, with its gondolas and carved pillars, camel rides and glass-domed bathhouses, was infested with armies of rats in the year 1915 — a fact which I do not believe ever received adequate press coverage.

That morning was an inauspicious beginning for a seaside vacation. No one could get me to cross that runway again. I refused even to be carried across. We moved to another cottage, farther inland. The experience had dimmed my pleasure for a while, but not completely or forever. During the following weeks my sister and I enjoyed our usual pursuits, playing on the beach, moving toward the warm Southern California surf with fearful and thrilling daring, and gathering seashells. When not on the beach, we spent most of our spare time, under orders, looking for our older brother and bringing him home before dark. It was not always easily done, for our brother was a wanderer of many interests. On the other hand, we were able to see more of Venice than we might have otherwise.

On Saturday afternoons, everyone dressed to the nines — for weekend fathers who commuted from the city, for gala events on the pier, for promenades on the boardwalk, and for each other. My sister and I on one such Saturday — in white voile with pink sashes, hair curled and feet in black, patent-leather Mary Janes — were on our usual scouting expedition after our lost brother. We were shy little girls, though well trained in company manners. We knew how to recite Edwin Markham's "Man with a Hoe," and "The Children's Hour." Most of all, we knew how to dance. We had practiced this art with each other, and we were good. So when we wandered onto the amusement pier that Saturday afternoon in search of our wayward brother, the music at the glittering Pavilion drew us like a magnet. There were crowds of people, the women in elegant silk blouses and long black skirts, the men in business suits; it was the domain of adults, but no one stopped us as we ducked under the purple rope railing and entered the dance floor to the strains of the Hesitation Waltz.

We moved into the flowing steps of the waltz, our dance elaborate, much rehearsed, a grand thing of arabesque glides and twirlings. We

felt eyes upon us and pointed our toes with a splendiferous nicety of precision. We whirled with voile dresses fluttering, curls bobbing. Round and round we went, oblivious. When the music stopped, there was applause. We were stunned to learn it was for us — even more stunned to learn that we had entered a competition. We not only had entered it but had won first prize. A man stepped forward and handed us each a monstrous kewpie doll. Flushed with fear, guilt, and shyness, and accompanied by more applause, we ran off the dance floor in great confusion. How were we to explain the kewpie dolls? How could we admit that we had entered the forbidden "dance hall"? In the end, we said only that a man had given us the dolls (true enough), and no one pressed for a more complete answer — it was still an age in which a child could talk to a stranger, even accept gifts, without parental hysterics.

Venice, smelling of cotton candy, sausage, hot buttered popcorn, and ocean salt breeze; sounding of shouting hawkers, popping guns in the shooting galleries, clattering roller-coaster wheels, and the murmur of

crowds; a resort city of life, light, and enchantment — and, horror of horrors, a city of rats that haunt me to this day. All this has passed with the strains of the Hesitation Waltz.

During the years following my childhood summers, Venice steadily decayed, its castles and arcades gone seedy with time. Soon even the concession pier and the Pavilion were gone, only a few piles left to stick up at low tide like the remnants of a burned-over forest. Promoters developing a boat harbor in the 1950's drained the opaque waters of the Grand Canal to utilize it in a new sewer system. The ebbing water revealed a layer of debris in the bottom of the trench: bedsprings, bicycles, and birdcages — the detritus from an entire culture. The tiny gingerbread-stucco cottages remained, too, pathetic reminders of summer celebration. Rents were cheap, and attracted a small army of cultural dropouts from the Beat Generation, and later the hippies. The smell of incense and the sound of bongos play strange counterpoint to the sounds and smells of the Venice I knew. □

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

MEMOIRS OF A FREE MAN

By Joe B. Frantz

Some Part of Myself by J. Frank Dobie *(Little, Brown, $6.95)*

In the twilight of his career (a bromidic phrase at which he would have snorted) J. Frank Dobie decided rightly that his was an era and an experience that was passing and that he should record it through his eyes. He didn't finish, or rather, he didn't catch up with the present. At the time of his death he had carried his story down through the period following the first World War, leaving his later years as a controversial curmudgeon and critic untold. On the other hand, he has tethered a written string of lively opinions, both defenses and attacks, that are in themselves autobiographical and contemporary. What we will miss is his reflection *after* the fact. More's the pity.

Dobie did not set much store by autobiography. He thought poems, plays, novels, and biographies could reveal much more innerness than the best autobiography ever written. He also recognized that any writer is constantly producing his own autobiography, even though he may delude himself that he is hewing solely to facts and statistics. If he does follow the latter line closely, he reveals himself as humorless and unimaginative. Or as Dobie says, "The author of the most banal textbook in Education . . . reveals unconsciously the life-killing mediocrity of his own mind. . . . Even mathematicians have to express themselves."

Why then an autobiography? For the same reason expressed so eloquently by Shanghai Pierce in having a life-size marble statue of himself carved: "I knew damn well nobody else would do it if I didn't." Or to quote what Dobie calls "the wisest modern book I know on life and writing," Maugham's *The Summing Up*. ". . . the beauty of life is nothing but this, that each should act in conformity with his nature and his business."

Dobie's autobiography marches back and forth between narrative and philosophical flights. It lends itself to quotation. Dobie himself was a great reader, rememberer, and quoter. The book also serves as an excellent guide for future and would-be writers. Consider this:

> Cultivating the art of connotation has helped me in an unending strife to be precise, specific, concrete, definite. It affords, sometimes, apposite illustrations; oftener, it clogs directness and simplicity, so that I am always being forced to compromise between admiration for a plain, economical style on one hand and for cumulative effects and divagations on the other. Literary allusions are enjoyed only by those who recognize them, and when I retain one in a narrative about a wild horse I realize that I am writing more for myself than for most readers of Western wildness.

Frequently Dobie was attracted into other means of making a living, ranging from reporting to ranching. Always he came back to teaching, and again some of his observations on teaching and teachers should be engraved on every doctoral diploma:

"Common sense, a sense of humor, imagination, tact, graciousness, and a mastery of the subject — these are the true requisites for a teacher."

And: "I shall die unscientifically believing with Wordsworth that 'Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge' and that technical 'knowhow' is as tawdry as the word itself."

After he became a senior professor, sitting on the hiring, firing, and promoting of teachers in his department of English:

> I never heard any consideration given to a man's intellect, wit, love of beauty, urbanity or any other concomitant of what is generally considered a civilized man. The emphasis was always on what he was "producing in a scholarly field" with little emphasis on the quality of production. A teacher's power to communicate to his classes ideas and a passion for literature had virtually no weight with a Sanhedrin. I remember the Doctors of Philosophy as unquestioning in their philosophy of life, . . . without imagination, . . . everything under control, mastery of facts the supreme virtue of a scholar. I nearly always went away from them, and also from any of the few meetings of the General Faculty that I attended, depressed and remembering Keats's "inhuman dirt of noble natures."

Regularly Dobie opined the lack of flavor and gusto in American writing, maintaining that these were the "dominating qualities in the pioneering stock of America where freed from Puritanical restraint, . . . I can't understand why American realists think that in order to be faithful to life they must forever deal with the dull and banal."

Dobie himself belonged to the soil. "The people of it are my people. I have

(Continued on page 54)

ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE INDIAN

By John Adair

The Bureau of American Ethnology: A Partial History by Neil M. Judd *(University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95).*

Crazy Weather by Charles L. McNichols *(University of Nebraska Press, $1.65).*

Navaho Witchcraft by Clyde Kluckhohn *(Beacon Press, $1.95).*

Neil M. Judd, curator of the Division of Archaeology of the United States National Museum—perhaps best known for his excavations of pueblo ruins in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico—has now presented a brief history of the Bureau of American Ethnology from its founding to its demise in 1964.

The Bureau of American Ethnology is divided into three sections: biographical sketches of the directors of the Bureau; accounts of the authors whose contributions to the annual reports of the BAE represent notable monographs in the history of American ethnology and archaeology; and finally a complete list of all the Bureau's publications, including not only the annual reports but also the bulletins, anthropological papers, river basin survey papers, and others.

The principal value of this volume, for both historian and anthropologist, is the drawing together of material on a government institution that played a crucial role in the history of anthropology in the United States. Before the advent of private foundations or well established government research organizations, such as the National Science Foundation and the National Institute of Mental Health, all major divisions of anthropology looked to the Bureau of American Ethnology as a major source of research support and publisher of some of the most important works in the field. Lewis H. Morgan's *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, Franz Boas' *Handbook of American Indian Languages*, F. W. Hodge's *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, and Julian Steward's *Handbook of South American Indians* are only a few of the major landmarks published by the Bureau that have been basic to the formulation of subsequent research.

In recounting the bureaucratic relations between the BAE and its overall agency of administration—the Smithsonian Institution—this volume contributes to the history of science.

The sketches of the various directors, their administrative problems and accomplishments, are of interest to both the historian and the anthropologist; but it is the third section of the book, the complete bibliography of the Bureau's publications with notes on each of the series, that is of the greatest and most lasting value.

Anthropologists have written numerous biographies of American Indians in which the major theme has been the trauma of Indian youths in giving up old ways and learning to live like white men. In the beautifully written novel *Crazy Weather*, which attracted much praise when it was first published more than twenty years ago, McNichols presents us with the opposite situation: the emotions of an adolescent white boy who, after growing up among the Mohave Indians, suddenly realizes that he can no longer live like his Indian friends, but must accept the ways of his own people. This awakening comes to South Boy as he accompanies Havek, his Mohave chum, on his "name hunting" trek. Havek must seek a new name by which he will be known as a man. Traditionally, such a name commemorated deeds of daring on the warpath. On the advice of a medicine man, who interprets the boy's dream, they set out on a hot midsummer day to follow the Colorado River northward.

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FROM BULL RUN TO THE LITTLE BIG HORN

By Jack Burrows

Favor the Bold: Custer, the Civil War Years by D. A. Kinsley *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95).*

A Picture Report of the Custer Fight by William Reusswig *(Hastings House, $8.50).*

Favor the bold — and D. A. Kinsley does precisely that — is an unrelieved litany of battles, incredibly brave and gallant acts by Custer, cracking carbines, blasting artillery, clanging sabers, and thundering cavalry charges that fetch the reader to the brink of battle fatigue. Only superficially does Kinsley essay an evaluation of the Civil War with Custer in proper perspective as an unbelievably brave young officer who served alongside scores of others just as brave, and whose role in the War was important, but never decisive. To Kinsley, Custer *is* the war, and with gay insouciance he reduces that sanguine conflict to Custer's size.

Consider, for example, Bull Run. The Federals were all but smashed. General Irwin McDowell was ruined, through no fault of his own; and the Rebs, had they pressed their advantage, could have taken Washington. But it's Custer all the way. Dashing through the "panic-stricken recruits," he came upon a wagon bearing wounded General Sam Heintzelman. The wagon was stalled before the bridge at Cub Run, which was clogged by a "capsized ambulance and a smashed buggy." "Autie" to the rescue: Before the "throng of petrified soldiers" who "watched in openmouthed wonder" — the same "throng" that on the preceding page had been "howling clawing hordes," flinging aside everything from horses to howitzers, caissons to comrades — Custer dashed forth and single-handedly yanked aside ambulance and buggy. The bridge was cleared, the general was saved, and the army could go "howling" on to Washington.

> "Who is that boy, Major?" barked grizzled-bearded, crinkle-faced, Sam Heintzelman. "Is he one of your people?"
>
> "I should say so, sir. That's Lieutenant Custer of Company G."

Custer's service at Bull Run was the beginning of the legend. From then until the end of the war he is surrounded by a coterie of admiring generals and officers of lesser rank — to say nothing of admiring enlisted men — whose relations with the young officer ranged from fatherly indulgence to sheer obsequiousness. General Stoneman, puffing thoughtfully on a cigar, learns from the young veteran of at least two months — who also ranked third from the bottom of his class in cavalry tactics at West Point — that "cavalry is the eyes of the army." General Hancock, somewhat indecisive, is urged on against Fort Magruder with assurances that he can take it. And General McClellan is gently told by his adoring young aide how he might cut General Lee's army in half at Antietam.

At twenty-three, Custer was brevetted brigadier general, a promotion that was more inevitable than unusual when one considers the willingness to repeatedly risk his life and the lives of his men, the sequacious approach to top brass, and the unctuous responses to frustrated and, not infrequently, grateful generals: "By heaven, sir, we'll die with our boots on before we lay down our sabers." And more modestly, after an especially tidy little sortie, he brushes aside compliments with, "If you please, sir, 'luck' is my guiding star."

But Custer — exulting in such high rank for one of his tender years ("I'm the youngest general in the army by two years") and bedazzled by that star — was not ready for high command. At Gettysburg, he led a squadron — to the consternation of its young Captain, Henry Thompsen, who did not live long enough to worry much about it — in a senseless attack against a detailed section of Jeb Stuart's cavalry, which was at least of brigade strength. Unhorsed and nearly killed, Custer was slammed back with ghastly losses. But Kinsley, who is as rash with the pen as Custer was with the saber, opines that Custer had "succeeded in turning the tide cavalrywise, saving Meade from a disastrous rear attack by Stuart"

The Boy General in 1865: his troops called him "Old Curly." (Matthew Brady photo; courtesy of the National Archives.)

There is, to put it charitably, a certain freedom taken with the facts here. Stuart had received orders from Lee on June 24 that, inexplicably, were so badly garbled that the cavalry leader interpreted them to mean another White House raid. Collecting booty and tearing up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Stuart moved to within twenty miles of Washington and did not join Lee at Gettysburg until the afternoon of July 2 — "too exhausted," according to Major General J. F. C. Fuller, "and too late to be of any service." The detachment of the main body of Stuart's cavalry is considered to be one of the major blunders of the Civil War. In all probability it cost Lee victory. At no time did Stuart seriously menace Meade's "rear." And Custer is not even mentioned in detailed studies of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Great sport that it was, war occasionally palled, even on Custer. Then there were those cavalier dashes from battlefield to the arms of his truelove, the unbelievably chaste Elizabeth ("Libbie") Bacon whose every prim utterance is nevertheless tinged with the prospects of the incarnadine delights of defloration. Ordinarily the battle-happy reader

(Continued on page 61)

THE ANATOMY OF A BUM RAP

Frame-Up: The Incredible Case of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings by Curt Gentry *(W. W. Norton, $7.50).*

By Estolv E. Ward

Half a century ago, the United States finally worked itself up to entry into World War I, but the headlines celebrating that event often had to compete for top space on the front pages of San Francisco newspapers with other headlines regarding the latest exposures, scandals, accusations, and counter-accusations arising from the conviction for mass murder of Tom Mooney, a local labor agitator, and his young lieutenant, Warren Billings.

Nine months prior to the American plunge into that war, militant businessmen had fomented a demonstration in San Francisco called "Preparedness Day," centering upon a massive parade up Market Street. It had two purposes: propagandizing for participation in Europe's holocaust and crushing (or at least weakening) union labor in what was known as "the best damned union town" in the West.

At the start of that parade on July 22, 1916, the situation was tense and worrisome. Anti-war elements, representing perhaps half the population of the community, had denounced the parade. Union labor had boycotted it. Hundreds of crank letters had been sent to prominent persons threatening the most drastic violence should the parade be held. German dynamiters had been blowing up ammunition barges in Pacific Coast harbors. To the city fathers, all kinds of disasters might be possible: Would saboteurs take this pro-Allies demonstration as a new target? Might an attack come from Mexicans seeking revenge for Black Jack Pershing's pursuit of Pancho Villa? Or could some desperate act spring from the fact that five bitter, protracted strikes were in progress in San Francisco and had just brought from the Chamber of Commerce a call to battle?

In the midst of this welter of anxiety, a bomb exploded during the parade, killing ten bystanders and injuring forty others, including women and children. Witnesses described the carnage as "worse than a battlefield." Police swooped down on Mooney and Billings, convenient targets, and in an atmosphere of public hysteria convictions were rammed through. Mooney was sentenced to hang, while his assistant got life imprisonment.

Curt Gentry's story is that the arrests and convictions were obtained by a corrupt district attorney, under guidance of the corporate and political interests of the day, by using questionable methods and the perjured testimony of as unlikely a lot of human scum as was ever dredged out of a city's underworld. The author has described the more sensational aspects of the frame-up with gusto and a "who-done-it" flair, and there can be no question that the legs of his story are on solid ground. Yet Gentry is not a professional historian. Aside from a random footnote now and then, plus a generalized bibliography, he does not provide reference material to bolster his assertions. His major thesis stands up nicely when checked against the record, but otherwise he has been quite careless. Seemingly, he preferred to rely not so much on the record as on the writings of hurried on-the-spot journalists who did their work while the case was still in progress, and on the fading, time-warped memories of a handful of men.

In a work of such complexity a few errors are unavoidable, but eighty-nine errors are not so lightly excused, even when most are more annoying than serious. Careless spelling of names and similar minor lapses aside, there are many significant errors that bear directly on the book's value: confessions are jumbled or telescoped; the right testimony is quoted in the wrong trial; people are placed in meetings they didn't attend, or caused to say things that were actually said by others. Gentry dates an angry letter Mayor Rolph wrote the President of the Chamber of Commerce one year too early, giving it an entirely different significance than it really possessed.

Then come distortions by deletion, which seem even less excusable. Example: Gentry's half-told tale about Israel Weinberg, an original co-defendant with Mooney and Billings (he was finally acquitted), who went through the trials in a very special hell because he was a Polish-Russian Jew. Gentry chose to show this man only in a moment of weakness, not in his hour of strength when he shook off his tormentors and shouted, "You can hang me from this post," rather than swear to the perjured testimony they were demanding of him.

But the frame-up exposure was by no means the finish of the affair. It is well said that a lie travels twice around the globe before the truth can take two steps. This goes double for the Mooney-Billings case — except that here the truth seemed to be clear to literate persons everywhere in the world but in California. Although the case of the prosecution was shown to be a tissue of lies, the wrongfully convicted men remained in prison for more than twenty-two years. To Gentry, apparently, the fight to overtake the lie and convince Californians that they had wronged these prisoners, the belated victory of justice, and the freeing of the martyrs — all were anticlimatic.

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Cell #155, San Quentin Prison. From this cubicle, the ever-buoyant Mooney conducted a twenty-two year campaign for freedom. (Photo by Kenneth Lamott.)

THE MAVERICK PROSE OF CHARLES OVERILL

BY OWEN ULPH

Jackass Express and Other Western Stories by Charles Overill *(Exposition Press, $4.00).*

IT IS IRRITATING that some flawless system cannot be devised to prevent publication of bad books. In an immature society in which waste performs a "necessary" economic function, it can be argued that publishing bad books is a less harmful method of squandering resources than producing the lethal toys that amuse the masterminds of our National Defense. Perhaps I am bitter because, having retreated to the back-country in order to escape the most onerous advantages of civilization, I am still pursued by sonic-busting monsters that streak across the once virginal sky and crack my walls and scare hell out of the horses. There are times when I wish the devastation were being wrought by the aerial spies of some foreign power to whom, at least, I am not paying taxes for the privilege of such visitations.

But I digress. The exasperating thing about excessive publication of bad books is that scholars, critics, and reviewers must read them, thus consuming time that could have been spent reading good ones — or for that matter, disposing of such culturally prescriptive monoliths as *War and Peace* or the Bible. The remedy, of course, is to cultivate the cunning art of "skimming." Trite expressions, platitudes, hackneyed phrases, banal moralizations, faulty diction, and generally flabby prose are sufficient indices of the submarginal mentality of the writer to cause me to throw a book aside in contempt. The moment a writer uses the expression "centering around" in place of "*revolving* around" or "centering *on*," I am inclined to discard the book immediately as the product of a sloppy, unalert mind. This attitude, which may not infallibly produce literary justice, is reminiscent of an anecdote — possibly apocryphal — told of Shelley Winters, who had ostensibly divorced Vittorio Gassman for having given a bad performance of Hamlet. When asked by a skeptical reporter whether she considered this a justifiable cause for divesting herself of a husband, Shelley allegedly replied, "Can you think of a better one?" The true artist is an aesthetic absolutist and an artistocrat.

This sally through the brush was prompted by the fact that while I was starving my mind and blunting my taste on a number of third-rate books for no other reason than to keep professionally "abreast of my field," Charlie Overill's fat little long-ear *Jackass Express*, has gathered dust on by untidy desk for almost a year. I do not know what napping demon in his entourage finally got on the prod and goaded me into opening it; but the moment I did so, I was effectively "hoolihanned" and was unable to put it down until I had finished it. With such a statement, the reviewer has paid an author the highest possible compliment and should be allowed to return to his drink. Readers who do not know the reviewer, however, or who share neither his taste nor his values, may be curious to learn why he found the book fascinating. Consequently, a few words of explanation are offered.

First of all, lest I be suspected of leg-pulling, Overill's diminutive collection of five short stories, of which the title-piece might qualify as a novella — whatever that is — cannot be classified as "camp," that contemporary blight that appeals to insensitive, indiscriminate, self-consciously sophisticated *literati*, who take aesthetically destructive and nihilistic satisfaction in the contemplation of something "so bad that it is good."

It is true that Overill's plots are either under- or over-contrived, and his protagonists are drawn in the stock western horse-opera tradition — that is, they are laconic, picaresque, bad good-guys or good bad-guys, wandering knights-errant who are lightning quick-on-the-draw and appropriately on hand to put windows in a rustler for the air to blow through, or to rescue distressed damsels from runaway ponies and impolite, slavering barroom bullies. But by some nefarious magic that cannot be attributed to formalized literary skill — of which, thankfully, Overill has none — the reader is beguiled into accepting all these conventional devices and submitting to that "willing suspension of disbelief" that Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Aristotle, or some poetic wag who couldn't resist the temptation to wise-off about trade secrets, described as the ultimate objective of the true craftsman.

If Overill's characters are stock characters and his situations stock situations, they are such in the same fashion as the characters and situations portrayed in the paintings of Charlie Russell. And what devotee of western lore would turn up his nose at the chance to adorn his inner sanctum with a Charlie Russell original — or even a respectable reproduction?

After finishing the first yarn, "Water Hole," I was momentarily baffled by what I considered the amateurish naïveté of the author. The style is the acme of linear economy. Transitions are abrupt, stark, and devoid of mollifying montages. The action proceeds with such vigor, swiftness, and brevity that the reader is brought to the brink of stupefaction. Yet the scenes emerge clear and indelible. A subtle, surreptitious irony in tone and manner compelled me to hold fire and read on. The sharp dialogue, the sardonic imagery, and perverse wit imparted a brisk, scathing, and lucid authenticity to Overill's western prose. This writer was no dude playing cowboy — a characteristic that such well-groomed fabricators of western fiction as Dave Lavender, Jack Schaeffer, and Robert Flynn cannot quite avoid. The only information about Overill revealed on the dust jacket is that he was born in London, England, in 1894; spent his boyhood in Arizona; served in the U.S. Army on the Mexican border during the palmy days of Pancho Villa; was a logger, coal miner, and mule skinner; and lives at present in Alhambra, California. Whatever it took to give him that natural western pungency, Overill has it. His freshness and salty, creative originality continue as the reader warms to his style in the succession of stories, "The Deputy," "'Pache Jones" and "Just Ridin' By."

"Jackass Express" is the concluding

yarn. To describe it as Overill's best is, to some extent, a distortion. The five tales seem to form a unity, each one preparing the reader progressively for the one that follows. It may be only the bias established by accomplished fact or the imagined insight of hindsight that leads me to opine that the particular arrangement of the stories, deliberate or accidental, is the most effective one possible, and that they should not be read out of sequence. At any rate, "Jackass Express" brings the collection to completion with a twist that is typically — indeed, beautifully — western in its contrariness.

The inclusion of *Jackass Express* in one's library is something for which no western enthusiast need apologize. It could, in time, become a collector's item. I gloat smugly over my first edition.

A last word for the ladies: Overill's women, be they foul or be they fair, sparkle. No shrinking violets are to be found blooming shyly in his pages of hard-pan. When the damsels are in distress, one senses that the distress has been feigned — and the men who were men have been *had!* □

Owen Ulph is a contributing editor of The American West *and Professor of Humanities at Reed College, Portland, Oregon.*

BUM RAP

(Continued from page 52)

By incarcerating Mooney and Billings in separate prisons, and by exerting other pressures both overt and subtle, those seeking to support the prosecution's tainted case hoped that one day Billings would turn informer against his fellow convict. The consequent relationship between the two men — a fascinating study in itself — is thrown completely out of kilter by Gentry's incomplete reporting of the Billings rehearing before the California Supreme Court in 1930.

His anger at Tom Mooney, the great pressure of his situation, and some incredibly bad advice from his attorney led Billings to throw away the accusation of a frame-up and say that the prosecution might have been honestly deluded when it used false testimony to convict him. In the same hearing, Billings implicated three labor associates of Mooney in a 1913 dynamite plot, came within a semantic hairsbreadth of including Mooney in that implication, and fingered another of his original co-defendants as the mastermind of a 1916 sabotage scheme. Gentry drew veils of misstatement and silence over these phases of the hearing. If fully and properly set forth, these incidents would have thrown an entirely different light on the personal discords that plagued the pair during their long years of suffering.

The book has two oddly inconsistent political moods. They cause the author to leap from sympathetic treatment of Anarchists and other left-wing groups at the start of the story to a cold disdain for the leftism of the "pink decade" and for the social achievements of that time, which were climaxed in 1939 with the freeing of Mooney and Billings. These were the days of FDR and the New Deal, when labor won the legal right to organize workers, when the CIO was born, when unemployment insurance, social security, and many other pieces of progressive legislation came pouring out of the Congressional hopper. But by this time, anarchism had been replaced as society's whipping boy by communism. The fact that Communists supported many of the more enlightened actions of the thirties, including justice for Mooney and Billings, seems to have soured Gentry, causing him to negate the excitement and sense of accomplishment that accompanied the final freeing of the pair. □

Estolv E. Ward is a native Californian who grew up with the Mooney case. A former newspaperman and CIO union official, he is the author of Harry Bridges on Trial *and currently has a book in preparation on aspects of the Mooney-Billings drama.*

PORTABLE QUOTES

"I used to think that men could stand more punishment than women, but I was wrong. In winter a girl wears a fox skin, but her brisket is bared to the weather, and there ain't nothing on her that's warmer than a straw hat, but she don't pound her feet nor swing her arms. If she's cold nobody knows it. If a man would go out dressed this way, there ain't doctors enough in the world to save him. No sir, a woman can go farther with a lipstick than a man can with a Winchester and a side of bacon."

—**Charles M. Russell** in *More Rawhides* (1925).

MEMOIRS

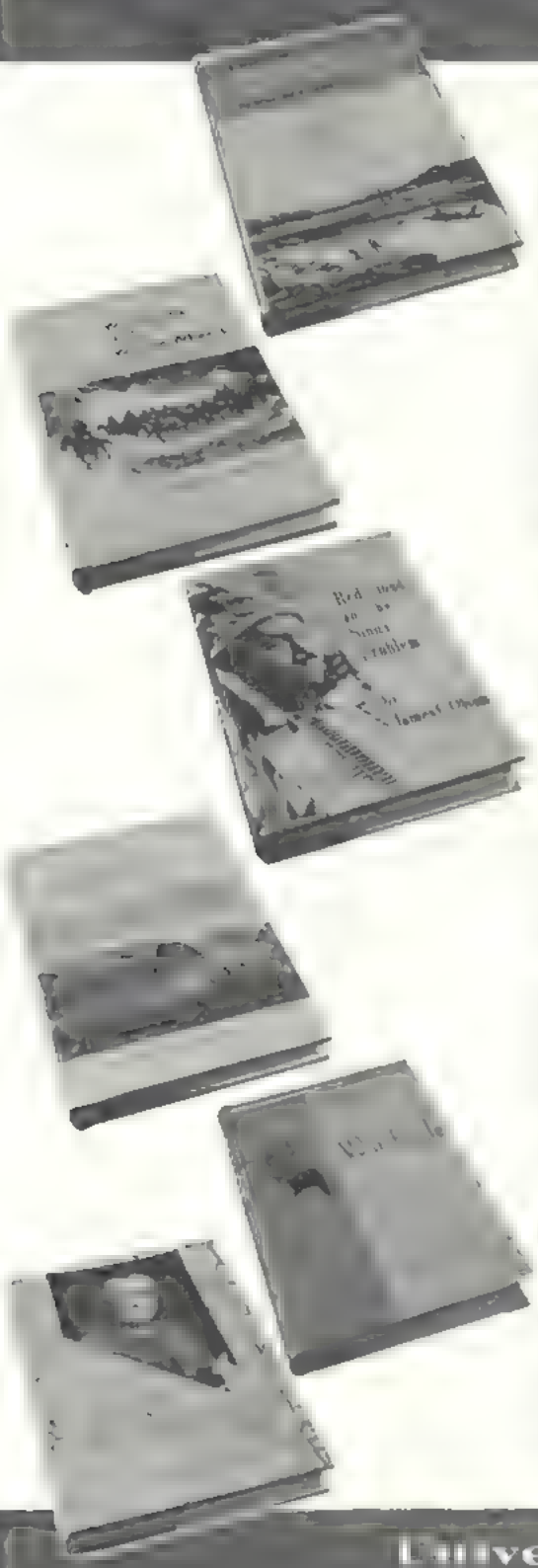
(Continued from page 49)

certainly met many interesting talkers among them — and if they are interesting I don't care what else they are. We hear each other gladly." The quality of Dobie was that he recognized, where so many more literal, correct, and historically sound people do not, that people want to run away from "plough-horse routine" and be "pointed to the rainbow's end." And finally,

> When Chaucer comes with his tales and John Aubrey with his character anecdotes, ideas and causes fade away. All of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's metaphysical theories, spun out of philosophy-befogged intellect, are forgotten; his sure passport to immortality is that tale called "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." I have an enormous respect for thought. I surrender all to a story teller — if he's good enough.

This then is "some part" of J. Frank Dobie, although not nearly enough. Many people have inveighed at the myth of Dobie, damning him for what he was not and showing a lack of understanding. He was a literary man who liked to capture the savor of stories, to make the bluebonnets of the past sing in the inner man of the present. Keats and Chaucer and Milton were his heroes; mustangs and longhorns and cow people and perpetual enthusiasts digging for lost gold were the instruments through which he sought to translate his particular experience into the language of the larger world. To call him a regionalist, as some have, is a mistake; to call him a humorist, as one national journal did at the time of his death, is downright ludicrous. Frank Dobie was a writer of literature who took his subjects where he found them. That his subjects tended to be redolent of brush and cactus and the sweat of steers rather than of Grecian urns or of British primroses is just an accident of birth and rearing. He was a man who came to see and to remember, and in so doing he has helped us remember. We can rejoice that he has left this much of his personal storytelling behind. □

Joe B. Frantz, Editor of Southwestern Historical Quarterly *and co-author of* The American Cowboy, *was a long-time student, friend, and colleague of the late J. Frank Dobie.*



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A WESTERN GATHERING

Full bibliographic information (number of pages, where published, etc.) for all books reviewed can be obtained from the listing under Current Western Books, page 66.

The Alaska Railroad by Edwin M. Fitch *(Frederick A. Praeger, $5.95)*

Alaska and Its History edited by Morgan B. Sherwood *(University of Washington, $12.50)*

BY WILLIAM H. WILSON

WRITING CLEARLY and often vigorously, Edwin M. Fitch has produced what surely will be, for at least a generation, the standard account of the Alaska Railroad during the post-World War II period.

Those interested in rail developments since the mid-forties will welcome Fitch's discussions of equipment and operations, new methods of cargo-packaging and -handling, the railroad's relationships with connecting water carriers, and the impact of truck competition. Students of Alaska's recent past will find military expansion, territorial and state politics, and shifts in the great land's economic base competently related to the affairs of the federally-owned and -operated railroad. Devotees of the railroad itself will want to place Fitch's study on their shelves alongside Bernadine Prince's two-volume work of the same title. The two books nicely complement each other, for Mrs. Prince preserves hundreds of rare photographs and devotes more space to the line's earlier history.

The author is assistant to the general manager of the railroad about which he writes, and his partisanship is undisguised. Successful opponents of the railroad's will are frequently depicted as either misinformed, if they are in the executive departments or in Congress, or tinged with evil, if they happen to be truck-line spokesmen charging the railroad with wrongdoing. Fitch praises the railroad, and there is much in its record to praise. Although underequipped and undermanned, it did yeoman service during World War II and the Korean War military buildup. And anyone who lived in the railbelt during the shattering 1964 earthquake will second Fitch's commendation of the incredibly rapid reconstruction.

Fitch does not, however, attempt a whitewash. He admits that General Manager Ohlson's "one-man railroad" organization was outmoded by 1946. His references to the difficulties growing out of General Manager Johnson's tenure, though unstressed, are present. His deft discussions of accounting procedures probably will confirm the layman's opinion that government and railroad accounting really is a mirror trick, after all.

There is one serious shortcoming. The book lacks a full and connected discussion of the railroad's relationship to Alaskan economic development. Several scattered hints incline the reader to abandon hope for an industrial economy in the railbelt: coal mines kept open on the strength of military procurements; corporate gold mining now virtually halted; military traffic that accounts for up to 60 percent of the railroad's tonnage during peacetime years, and an Alaska "far removed from self-sufficiency." In place of these random remarks, a chapter devoted to the development problem could have led the author to suggest some feasible development goals. In the last analysis, he rests his case for the railroad on the concentration of population in the railbelt. But that population is made up mostly of federal and state employees and their dependents, plus the operators of service industries and their families. There is nothing wrong with such a population structure, but it is not "development" in the sense of the 1914 railroad act. Given the slight success, to date, of applying the traditional development idea in Alaska, it is time for a new definition of that state's proper role. Perhaps it need not, should not, be "developed" in any way that implies large populations and their consequent urban congestion and industrial pollution. Whatever the answer, Fitch has the requisite knowledge and insight to assist in the working out of the problem. His readers would have profited from his thoughts.

THOSE HAVING AN INTEREST in the history of Alaska must read the editor's Introduction to *Alaska and Its History*. If Morgan B. Sherwood had not already qualified himself as an expert on Alaska's past, his excellent historiographical survey alone would have won him that recognition. He relates the history

of the forty-ninth state to the national experience, rightly deplores the overconcentration on its purchase at the expense of other topics equally worthy, and makes additional valuable observations.

The remainder of the text comprises twenty-five essays that carry the reader from early Russian expansion in the Far East to the late territorial period under United States control. Exploration, economic development, and diplomacy are among the topics treated. All the essays are reprinted, and all but three first appeared as articles in professional or scholarly journals. Several of the authors are professional historians. Some, including Ernest Gruening and the late Alfred Hulse Brooks, are famed for reasons besides their important historical studies.

Because this book eschews fiction and sourdough tales, it may prove less popular than competing anthologies edited by Herbert Heller and Ernest Gruening. A serious historian, however, will applaud the purpose of Sherwood's compilation and his castigation of the gimcrack "non-histories" that clutter the shelves of Alaskana. Although the scholar may prove as reluctant as any wild-west escapist to pay the fairly appalling price for this book, even in the euphoria of the centennial, he is not thereby relieved of his obligation to read the Introduction. If he cannot buy a copy, he should persuade his library to do so, or he should borrow one from an affluent friend. □

William H. Wilson is Professor of History at the University of Alaska

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William Sanders Oury: History-Maker of the Southwest by Cornelius C. Smith, Jr. *(University of Arizona, $7.50)*

The Baron of Arizona by E. H. Cookridge *(John Day, $6.95)*

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN GILBERT

THE ALMOST CONTEMPORANEOUS Arizona careers of a hero, William Sanders Oury, and a rogue, James Addison Reavis, ring out entertaining counterpoints in these two recent biographies.

William Oury's life is portrayed as a constant search for adventure and "a place of liberty." A Virginian by birth, he went to Texas in 1834. He served at the Alamo, but left on assignment as a courier before the tragic defeat. Later he fought with Sam Houston in the swamps of San Jacinto and rode with John Coffee Hays as a Texas Ranger in battles against wild Comanches. Oury was a member of the miserable Miér expedition, escaping Santa Ana's firing squad by drawing a lucky white bean in a grisly lottery. During the Mexican War he mustered into the U.S. Army at San Antonio, participated in engagements at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and fought in the Battle of Monterrey. At the surrender ceremony he acted as General Zachary Taylor's interpreter.

Despite many years of fighting against the Mexicans, Oury settled in Durango and married a Mexican girl. Attracted to California by the gold rush, he and his wife made a perilous journey across the great barrancas to Mazatlán, where they boarded a crowded ship from Ni-

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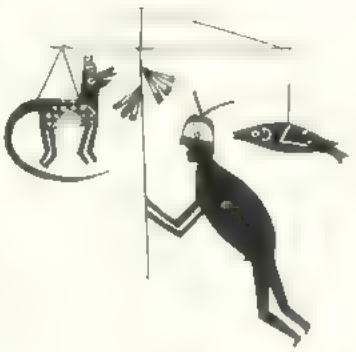

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caragua for San Francisco. However, Oury failed to strike it rich in the gold fields and left Sacramento in 1856, settling in the frontier adobe town of Tucson, where he engaged in the cattle business and politics. Like most residents of Tucson, Oury was pro-Confederate during the Civil War and resisted the occupation of Arizona by the Union Army under General James H. Carleton. In postwar years Oury held several political offices in Arizona. He was the first mayor of Tucson and sheriff of Pima County from 1873 to 1877. He was a hero in the territory, but his action in instigating a massacre of Apaches at Camp Grant in 1871 shocked people in the East.

As one of the territory's oldest residents, Oury delivered the principal address at the ceremony celebrating the coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Tucson on March 20, 1880, and when the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society was organized in 1884, Oury served as its first president.

THE GREAT LAND SWINDLE by the "Baron of Arizona" is generally familiar to students of southwestern history, but Cookridge's study sheds considerable new light on this monstrous fraud.

James A. Reavis, a native Missourian, first practiced forgery in the Confederate Army, selling fictitious furloughs and requisitions. In 1865 he joined the winning Union Army; but when his forgeries were detected, he deserted and fled to Brazil. A year after the war he reappeared in St. Louis, working first as a streetcar conductor and then as a store clerk before organizing his own real estate business.

He improved his art of forgery and was soon dealing in fake land claims. He eventually claimed a tract of twelve million acres in Arizona and New Mexico that supposedly had been granted to one "Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta y de la Cordoba." Reavis asserted that a descendant of the original owner had transferred the land to a George M Willing, Jr., who in turn had given him the grant. To strengthen his claim, Reavis married a part-Indian girl from California and masqueraded her as a descendant of the Peralta family, he then called himself the Baron de Peralta y Cordoba.

The crooked "baron" was able to collect tribute from worried settlers in the Gila and Salt valleys because his claim was backed by prominent politicians and railroad tycoons, such as Collis P. Huntington. In 1895 the claim was heard in court and held to be fraudulent. The documents of the claimant were proven to be forgeries, and Reavis was sent to the Santa Fe Penitentiary.

Six years before the trial, Hubert Howe Bancroft's *History of Arizona and New Mexico* was published in San Francisco. Bancroft expressed no opinion on the validity of the Peralta grant but stated: "In a sense the title is plausible enough on its face, but it is somewhat remarkable that the annals of the province, as recorded, contain no allusion to Peralta." In an interesting footnote, Bancroft remarked that Reavis had shown him his manuscript documents pertaining to the case.

Both of these biographies are masterful works of scholarship. In addition to manuscripts and documents, their authors have consulted a variety of newspapers, periodicals, and books. Cornelius Cole Smith, Jr., an Arizona writer and artist, is a great-grandson of Oury, and his bias excusably seeps through, without marring the fine contribution made to historical scholarship on the Southwest. E. H. Cookridge, a former intelligence agent who has already written several books on international espionage, investigates here the greatest fraud in Arizona history. □

Benjamin F. Gilbert is Professor of History at San Jose State College.

Politics in New Mexico by Jack Ellsworth Holmes *(University of New Mexico Press, $7.50)*

BY BARRY M. GOLDWATER

IN REVIEWING A BOOK I always try to read other publications by the same author, but in the case of *Politics in New Mexico*, written by Jack E. Holmes, I have not been able to do this, although I know that he has written extensively in the *New Mexico Quarterly* and also in the *Western Political Quarterly*. I am anxious, however, to read some of his other approaches to politics, because this one is very well done and written in a way that I think will provide a challenge to authors in the other states where sim-

ilar reviews of the two-party system have not been accomplished

Professor Holmes is uniquely qualified to approach such a subject, having taught political science at the University of New Mexico from 1946 to 1951. He also served as Director of the New Mexico Legislative Council Service from 1951 to 1959 and applied this theoretical background to the practical fields of politics to do research and publicity for the New Mexico Republican State Chairman. Before leaving New Mexico for his present duties with the University of Tennessee, he was Chief Tax Commissioner of New Mexico.

Anything about New Mexico holds a particular interest for an Arizonan because back in the territorial days Arizona was a part of New Mexico, and for a while it looked as though this giant area, now comprised of two states, would be one state named New Mexico. Whether that combination would have meant different lives for the people of this area will always be debatable, but there is a basic difference between the two states that Professor Holmes has caught—particularly in his second chapter, which deals with the effect of people of Spanish-Mexican ancestry upon the politics of New Mexico. I found this chapter very interesting because it points out the way in which the Mexican-American votes, what affects his vote, and how he, in turn, can affect the operations of both parties. This group is far more effective in New Mexico than other minority groups are in other states.

His description of a state controlled more by the legislature than by the Governor is well done, and gives one a much better understanding of the need of state constitutional overhaul where this kind of control exists. In my own state, for example, the Governor has practically no power, while the legislature dominates the entire process of state government. Under this type of leadership, the legislature very often winds up in the control of one or two large industries or corporations whose sole interest is seeing that the legislature does not make changes in taxes or regulations that would hamper their business. Whereas this type of control has resulted in the retardation of progress in other parts of the country, in New Mexico and Arizona, with few exceptions, the legislative bodies have shown a great interest in the progress of the state, while at the same

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time maintaining a primary interest in the concern of those groups having control

Throughout the chapters devoted to the two parties (with particular emphasis on the Republican Party, which he knows best), Holmes treats both very fairly. He discusses with clarity the clash for leadership in both—particularly the contest for the dominant position in the Republican Party that resulted in that Party's decline in New Mexico. Repeatedly he points out that politics in New Mexico has undergone changes that indicate a growing takeover of both parties by younger people.

The book contains very interesting charts, which to this politician are immediately interesting because they show graphically the changes in voting patterns and voting habits that we in politics have usually only guessed. It is obvious that the advent of the computer has helped produce these charts and figures, and I think that Professor Holmes would agree with me that the computer will probably have a greater effect upon the future of politics on both state and national levels than television has had.

On the whole, I found this to be a very interesting, easily readable book, and if I have any criticism of it, it would be the mild one that not enough attention was devoted to the impact that two powerful United States senators must have had on politics in New Mexico: namely, Senator Clinton Anderson and Senator Dennis Chavez.

If Professor Holmes decides to write a sequel to this book, I would hope that he would delve into the effect of these two men during their long years of service to the state and to the United States Senate. I believe it would be an interesting disclosure of just what—if any—effect men who rise to great power in Washington have on the politics of their own state.

As an Arizonan engaged in politics (and one who came quite close to being called a New Mexican by virtue of territorial status), I commend this book both to people actively interested in politics and to those who merely delve into it because of an inquisitive mind. □

Barry M. Goldwater, an active member of the Arizona Historical Foundation, is a former United States senator, with a long and distinguished career in national politics.

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American Indian Life edited by Elsie Clews Parsons *(University of Nebraska Press, $2.95).*

By William T. Hagan

A QUARTER-CENTURY AGO these twenty-seven tales of Indian life were first published. Designed for the general reader, they represented an experiment by the best anthropologists of that generation, an experiment one cannot conceive of their peers in an earlier era attempting. It was a frank effort to popularize anthropology and enlisted the assistance of such authorities as Robert H. Lowie, Paul Radin, Frank Speck, John R. Swanton, A. L. Kroeber, Edward Sapir, and Franz Boas. Indeed, the list of contributors reads like a veritable *Who's Who* of that generation of anthropologists.

The literary device employed was depiction of episodes in the life of imaginary Indians. Adolf Bandelier had done this earlier in *The Delight Makers*, his brilliant "fictitious" treatment of certain Pueblos. In the Parsons volume an effort was made to treat tribes representing most of the major cultures of aboriginal North America. Thus, in one selection Lowie chronicled the life of a Crow warrior, and in another he related something of the role of the supernatural in the life of the Chipewyan. Freed of the restrictions of the scholarly monograph, the authors were able to sketch their characters, employing not only the solid factual information they had accumulated, but also some shrewd guesses about the Indian's psychological makeup that the careful scholar might have been reluctant to include in his work. The resulting picture of Indian life was more complete than the one ordinarily encountered in the learned journals—and probably as accurate.

In his well-known "The Spirit of '76" Carl Becker demonstrated that historians could employ this story-telling method, but that it involves too many risks, at the possible expense of historical accuracy, for it to become popular. Furthermore, it requires a kind of writing skill that most of us do not possess—and that several of the contributors to this volume obviously lacked. Nevertheless, it was a unique collaboration that produced a volume of interest not only to the general reader but also to the historian of the American Indian, who too frequently encounters only the skeleton of his subject in the mountain of faded letters and reports in the National Archives.

It is the good fortune of the present generation of readers and historians that the University of Nebraska has brought this unusual work back into print. □

William T. Hagan is Chairman of the Department of History at the State University College of Fredonia, New York.

PORTABLE QUOTES

"When you have seen a fine forest, a bluff, a river, and a lake, you have seen all the scenery of western America. Sometimes the pine is three hundred feet high, and sometimes the rock is, and sometimes the lake is a hundred miles long. But it's all the same, don't you know, I'm getting sick of it."

—Remarks of "a discontented traveller," as reported by **Rudyard Kipling** in *From Sea to Sea* (1889).

"Why does the westerner spit? It can't amuse him, and it doesn't interest his neighbor."

—**Rudyard Kipling** in *From Sea to Sea* (1889).

Origins of the American Indians: European Concepts, 1492-1729 by Lee Eldridge Huddleston *(University of Texas Press, $5.00).*

This study is divided into four parts, the first three of which concern Spain and the last, Northern Europe. At its center is the second chapter, which describes the seminal work of Joseph de Acosta in *Historia natural y moral de las Indias* (1590) and the eclectic approach of Gregoria García in *Origen de los indios de el nuevo mundo, e Indias occidentales* (1607). Acosta, translated into English in 1604, had great influence in the North, where his theory of a land bridge connecting the New World to Asia meant much to the English and Dutch about to embark on American colonization, while García's ideas remained dominant in Spain. The terminal date of the book, 1729, marks the republication of García's book and new developments in natural science and exploration that led to a more modern approach to understanding the origins of the American Indians

Professor Huddleston's book does not treat such writers as Montaigne or Roger Williams, who, though interested in the American Indians, apparently contributed nothing to the ideas of their origins. It is comprehensive but succinct, and therefore requires careful reading. Its audience will probably not include the general reader. □

William Anderson Scott: "No Ordinary Man" by Clifford Merrill Drury *(The Arthur H. Clark Co., $6.50).*

Born into the frontier society of Rock Creek, Tennessee, in 1813, Scott was indeed no ordinary man. Already in the service of the Lord as chaplain in the Black Hawk War at eighteen, he later studied theology at Princeton, held several pastorates in the South, traveled to Europe, and came to San Francisco as minister to the newly-organized Calvary Presbyterian Church in 1854. Here he opposed the Vigilance Committee (for which he was twice hanged in effigy), opposed Bible reading in the public schools, showed his sympathy for the South, and perhaps unsurprisingly, went into self-imposed exile from California in 1861. He returned eight years later and played, as he had during his earlier residence, a major role in higher education in the Bay Area. He also read the marriage vows for Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne.

Dr. Drury gives a comprehensive chronicle of Scott's life. More of an apology than a study, the author attempts to plumb the personality of the man. □

The Home Book of Western Humor edited by Philip H. Ault *(Dodd, Mead & Company, $7.50).*

In the introduction to *The Home Book of Western Humor*, editor Philip H. Ault notes: "Historians have depicted the settlers of the West either as heroic and romantic, or plodding and dry. . . . Overlooked is the exuberant, robust, practical-joking humor of the West."

This book is an effort to fill that gap. Never does an issue of the *American Historical Review* appear but that several yawning chasms of the past are filled (if we are to believe the book reviewers), and Ault's parody of this sort of claim-staking represents a major tradition in western humor—the gigantic put-on.

Or so it seems at first glance. But the weary reader, after satiating himself with almost four hundred pages of western wit, may conclude that Ault really *did* intend to fill the humor gap, which is no laughing matter. There is no such thing as unrelieved comedy. Many of the pieces reproduced here were funny where they originally appeared in longer works by Twain, Harte, Bierce, and others. But to rip them out of context and pour them into topical containers placed end to end makes no sense, not even good nonsense, but only another non-book. □

LITTLE BIG HORN

(Continued from page 51)

would welcome any sort of respite from the screams of the dying and the din of battle. But when "Autie" stands at last in the presence of his beloved — his "handsome face glowing," "a sinewy six footer" — the reader is not supposed, one presumes, to linger over photos of "Old Curly," which disappointingly reveal a nose that is not just "long" but much too long, flat, expressionless eyes, hollow cheeks and droopy expression; nor should one carelessly examine the records at West Point, which reduce the "sinewy six footer" to a precise, if unromantic, five feet eight and one-eighth. As the conversation begins, one perceives a relationship of such towering immaturity it will endure to the Little Bighorn. And the dialog — "not an arbitrary invention of the author" (though one could wish it were) — is so utterly banal one begins to hunger for a quick and merciful return to the battlefield

"I've met you before. Yes, and you spoke to me first."

"Oh, you must be mistaken, sir."

And later:

". . . If it weren't for your letters, I think I'd have died."

"I guess it was you that kept me fighting so hard. I had to get back to my little girl." (sometimes "Durl")

"I know you love me true."

"Libbie, marry me before I go back. It will make me the happiest man alive."

"Oh, you darling boy, I'd marry you this very minute if it weren't for Pa's unconquerable prejudice. . . ."

There was the rub. "Pa" was self-satisfied old Judge Daniel Bacon, the typical gruff old dad of the Pennydreadfuls, the thwarter of conjugal bliss. Judge Bacon didn't like Custer, beautiful though he was. And there were certain class and religious distinctions: Custer was lower class and a Unitarian, which, one presumes, was bad. Promotion to general and public acclaim had a way of easing class and religious differences, though, and the judge, pleased to bask in Custer's reflected glory, finally grumbled his consent, but not before a stormy session with "Libbie," who with irrefutable logic cried, "Oh, Pa, you've never been a girl!" History does not record the judge's expression, but we are told he "heaved a sigh and stomped out to get some air." The reader is pleased to accompany him.

Back on the battlefield, Custer is always welcome: "Three cheers for Gen'l Custer!" "Custer's the man for us!" "A tiger for Curly!" "Hurrah for Old Curly!" And "By God, Custer's a brick!" (which may or may not have been heard correctly). With an able assist from Sheridan and Grant, "Old Curly" rolled up the South and the North won. But for a

(Continued on page 64)

LOOKING WESTWARD

By Joseph E. Illick

When I decided to trade my Eastern setting for California five years ago, I purchased a tent and sleeping bags, and camped across the country with my family. We have traveled back and forth nine times, always on different routes, and have felt astonished that we once conceived of outdoor life as a trip to the beach. We still regard September snow in the Rockies or encounters with bears in national parks as wild adventure, tame as these experiences might seem to confirmed nature lovers. As Roderick Nash phrases it in **Wilderness and the American Mind** (Yale, $6.50): "One man's wilderness may be another's roadside picnic ground." A roving camper such as myself strives for both, an ambivalence that has characterized American thinking about the wilderness since the settlement of Jamestown.

Wilderness, the antithesis of civilization, was regarded in classical mythology as an eerie land peopled by supernatural creatures. In Christian tradition the term was used to connote a barren or cursed place, a desert (either immoral or, paradoxically, a sanctuary from worldliness), since Christianity, unlike the Far Eastern religions, views man as antipathetic to nature. These ideas, classical and Christian, were part of the cultural baggage brought to the New World by settlers who expected to find an Eden across the Atlantic. Instead, they were confronted by the counterpart of paradise: wilderness. Where survival was difficult, the hostile environment had to be conquered. Not surprisingly, then, the European concepts of wilderness came into play. (Nash could have established this ideological continuity more clearly, and he might have emphasized the irony of it in view of the still-present Turnerian emphasis in frontier scholarship.) The forest and its inhabitants were seen as ungodly; both had to be civilized or removed. In a more worldly vein — a side of life that seldom escaped English Calvinists — subjugation of the wilderness represented material progress. Exploitation of the wasteland would yield food, lumber, and eventually, hydroelectric dams, while the act of exploitation could give reason and purpose to life.

Yet it was not long before a contrary point of view, also European in origin, asserted itself, thus creating an ambivalence in the American attitude. "With the flowering of Romanticism in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries," Nash observes, "wild country lost much of its repulsiveness." As early as 1728 the Virginian William Byrd II celebrated the beauty of the wilderness. London-educated, Byrd symbolized the fact that the city was first to accept the

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Romantic view of the wilderness: it was sublime and therefore associated with the Deity; it was primitive and thus divorced from the corruptions of civilization. A generation later, even a frontiersman such as Daniel Boone could find aesthetic virtues in the wilds. But aversion to the forest remained the dominant attitude until the nineteenth century, at which time those who feared cultural subservience to Europe discovered the wilderness as something uniquely American. It was celebrated in the poetry of Bryant, the fiction of Cooper, the art of Cole, and the history of Parkman. Nationalism coalesced with Romanticism in the writings of Thoreau, the most outspoken proponent of the wilderness in the middle of the nineteenth century. Yet Thoreau, too, betrayed an ambivalence, warning that the wildness in man should be held in check by his "higher nature." (When John Muir met Thoreau's close friend Emerson, he was dismayed by his "sadly civilized" traveling companions, who took the Sage of Concord to *a hotel* in Yosemite. Muir regarded this as a "sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism.")

The new regard for the wilderness led to talk of preserving it and, eventually, to legislation. On March 1, 1872, President Grant signed an act creating Yellowstone National Park, a step that was accompanied by a more utilitarian rationale than had heretofore been enunciated. In untouched land, it was argued, the water necessary for urban consumption could be conserved, while these areas could serve simultaneously as playgrounds for city dwellers. By this time, however, ambivalence was beginning to produce strains among the wilderness advocates. Emerging as the spokesman of pure preservation — of nature unaltered — was John Muir. Under his prodding Congress passed, and President Harrison signed, the act creating Yosemite as a national park in 1890. Soon thereafter the Sierra Club was formed to promote the preservationist viewpoint. The utilitarian approach, ably put forward by forester Gifford Pinchot, was to conserve nature by its wise use or planned development for the good of civilization. In accord with this there was passed in 1891 an act that created "forest reserves," later known as "national forests."

Distinctions between these two schools of thought — preservationist and conservationist — were not made when, in the early twentieth century, there blossomed what Nash terms "the cult of the wilderness," a shallow confluence of resurgent nationalism, Romanticism, and the moral and aesthetic values that had earlier been associated with the forest. Theodore Roosevelt, Madison Grant, Henry Cabot Lodge, and California Congressman William Kent (who contended that "since the days of the cave man our race has gone degenerate") were among its spokesmen. Tarzan was its hero and the Boy Scout movement one of its achievements.

When it came down to hard issues, however — in this case, the fight over Hetch Hetchy, the valley in Yosemite National Park that San Franciscans wanted dammed as a water supply — conservationists and preservationists had to choose sides and fight. Congressman Kent, who had recently donated Muir Woods to the State of California, viewed the city's acquisition of Hetch Hetchy as the triumph of public ownership, thwarting the plans of Pacific Gas and Electric. Enough men made the decision for conservation, either by Kent's reasoning or other routes, that Muir's forces were defeated. But if the battle of Hetch Hetchy was lost, Nash argues, the war for preservation was won, as symbolized by the creation of the National Wilderness Preservation System in 1963. Nash attributes this victory not only to sentiment galvanized by the Hetch Hetchy controversy but also to the work of such men as ecologist Aldo Leopold, who, acknowledging a debt to Darwin and the nineteenth-century geologists, gave intellectual substance to the Romantic notion of the relationship between man and nature. And it is particularly pertinent here to recall the role of Wallace Stegner in the defense of Dinosaur National Monument in the 1950's.

Nash's conclusion is not ambivalent, but it is mixed. Reiterating the American attitudes of attraction and repulsion toward the wilderness, he points to "a broad national sentiment capable of securing legal protection for wild country." Yet this awakening itself has proved problematic: "wilderness values are so fragile that when subjected to heavy recreational usage they disappear."

I find it far easier to accept the dark than the bright side of this picture. Congressional action in support of wilderness was sparked, as Nash himself points out, by the lobbying activities of the preservationist groups. The existence of "a broad national sentiment" is nowhere proved. Indeed, one might well conclude from Nash's book that such preservation of nature as we have in this country is the result of the labors of a few articulate and energetic men. Of course, intellectual history is essentially aristocratic history; and given the comprehensiveness and general excellence of Nash's work, he can hardly be faulted for not doing more, i.e., investigating popular attitudes on the subject. This should be, and we may hope it will be, the concern of future studies.

It is in this spirit that I would offer a suggestion. It is significant that in a book on the American mind the term "pragmatism" — the obverse of ideology — is conspicuous by its absence. Properly considered, pragmatism would provide another avenue to understanding our attitude toward nature. For example, the Swedish naturalist Peter Kalm, as he traveled through the American colonies in the eighteenth century, was distressed by the careless husbandry he observed. He could have found its rationale in the high ratio of land to labor; intensive or even careful cultivation was not economical in the short run. This expedient point of view, manifest also in the haphazard felling of forests or the willy-nilly construction of subdivisions, may well form a broader national sentiment than conservation.

WORSHIP OF THE WILDERNESS has been given no better expression than it finds in Terry and Renny Russell's **On the Loose** (Sierra Club, $6.95), a slim, slipcased volume with beautiful illustrations (this in spite of the author's caveat that the photos are products of "cheap cameras, mediocre film and drugstore processing") supplemented by a thoughtfully juxtaposed text. Although some of the writing comes from the pens of well-known men, most of it is by Terry, an honor student and free speech advocate at the University of California, Berkeley, who drowned in a rapid on the Green River in June, 1965. Four months previously, he had written in the preface to *On the Loose:*

> We live in a house that God built but that the former tenants remodeled — blew up, it looks like — before we arrived. Poking through the rubble in our odd hours, we've found the cor-

ners that were spared and have hidden in them as much as we could. Not to escape from but to escape to: not to forget but to remember. We've been learning to take care of ourselves in places where it really matters. The next step is to take care of the *places* that really matter. Crazy kids on the loose; but on the loose in the wilderness. That makes all the difference

The difference is not simply aesthetic pleasure but something more personal:

> It feels good to say "I know the Sierra" or "I know Point Reyes." But of course you don't — what you know better is yourself, and Point Reyes and the Sierra have helped.

The Western idea of antipathy between man and nature is rejected!

In his terse descriptions of the daily fun and frustration, the feel of sweat and tightened muscles, the pure joy of being a man in the world of untamed nature, Terry conveys at once the prose and the passion of life in the wilderness. The text is done in calligraphy, which imparts an almost biblical quality to the book. Indeed, "religious experiences" is the only terminology he can find to describe "a few flashes of almost unbearable beauty." This, my wife observed, is a book written for those who care by two who cared passionately.

The bulk of this book is termed "Triumph." The final pages, however, are titled "Tragedy" and contain mainly photographs of Lake Powell and diatribes against so-called progress. "The weed will win in the end, of course" This conclusion may sound naive or even nihilistic, but neither adjective fairly characterizes *On the Loose*. There is a simplicity in beauty, but there is also a depth that cannot easily be plumbed. Parents and grandparents, anxious about today's youth, would do well to consider the implications of this book. There is, or at least can be, a positive side to protest against the direction our society has taken, which is more than can be said for the book that symbolizes the faint and futile dissent of my generation, *On the Road*. Both volumes have a western setting, but only one gives cause for optimism.

IN THE INTRODUCTION to **Sky Island** (D. Van Nostrand, $5.95), it is said about the author that "Weldon Heald is a strong advocate of preserving some of our magnificent scenic wilderness heritage while there is still time. But he is never strident and seldom controversial." Perhaps such an even temper can be maintained in the seclusion of the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona; or perhaps it reflects Heald's ability to live with the American ambivalence toward the wilderness. He notes, for example, that his ranch "combined nature and civilization in perfect proportions"; among the improvements he wrought was a flush toilet in the oldest structure in that part of the state! The Healds could watch "some of Nature's greatest shows" from the living room of the big house at Painted Canyon Ranch. And then there was the lookout on Flys Peak (9,666 feet), who "was chuckling over the *New Yorker*" when Weldon met him.

Thus, when Weldon Heald claims an ideological kinship to John Muir, we may be amused. Understanding requires something more. Muir came to the western wilderness from a relatively isolated Wisconsin farm; he had always been close, but wanted to be closer, to nature. The Healds were "refugees from the smog and ever-increasing congestion of Southern California." After an ill-advised plunge into cattle ranching, they bought the dude ranch that became their island in the sky. In addition to attracting paying guests, Heald estimates that his many magazine articles have encouraged an influx of nature lovers. (Most of this book is devoted to a folksy description of the environment and wild life of the area, supplemented by attractive illustrations.) If *Sky Island* has a large sale, more immigration will take place. This will probably lead to the destruction of the wilderness so coveted by the Healds. Publish and perish! □

LITTLE BIG HORN

(Continued from page 61)

tense half-dozen pages around Appomattox, when one is somewhat forcibly reminded of Custer's "successes" at Bull Run and Gettysburg, it looked as if General Lee would surrender to Custer instead of to General Grant.

DUST JACKETS are expected to produce extravagant encomiums, which is probably as good an argument as any for the reader — and the reviewer — to avoid them altogether. It would be most pleasant to claim *A Picture Report of the Custer Fight* by William Reusswig as a notable exception; that for once such superlatives as "...thrilling and masterful complete 'eyewitness' account . . . that features 101 drawings . . . in swirling action [with a] cogent narrative text" are justified. But one cannot escape the conclusion that the text, far from "cogent," is superficial and uninteresting, and serves only as a vehicle for supporting the drawings. And the drawings, while good in certain areas — such as Major Marcus Reno's dash across the ford — and faithfully executed to occur simultaneously with the text, fail to express the "pounding, tumultuous action" promised on that reliable old "inside flap." Lifeless, and rather expressionless Indians, who appear perpetually caught in mid-movement, pursue soldiers who ride and fight and die woodenly. One does not experience the horror of the entrapment and inevitable death of the Custer fight. Action appears suspended; incongruously, even escape seems possible.

Perhaps, though, the book is most seriously flawed by the artistic failure to capture the immediacy and poignancy of the scenes and to relate them dimensionally to the West: Not only man against man, but man against loneliness, the overwhelming distances, and the torpor of weather and land. One is reminded of the drawings of Ross Santee, where the little toy riders are all but swallowed up in a blazing, mountain-dominated desert; the run-down soddy before which stands a tethered pony, back humped and head down against the driving wind, tail swirling between its hind legs; or a little jag of riders standing awkwardly before a rock cairn on a wind-beaten *vega*.

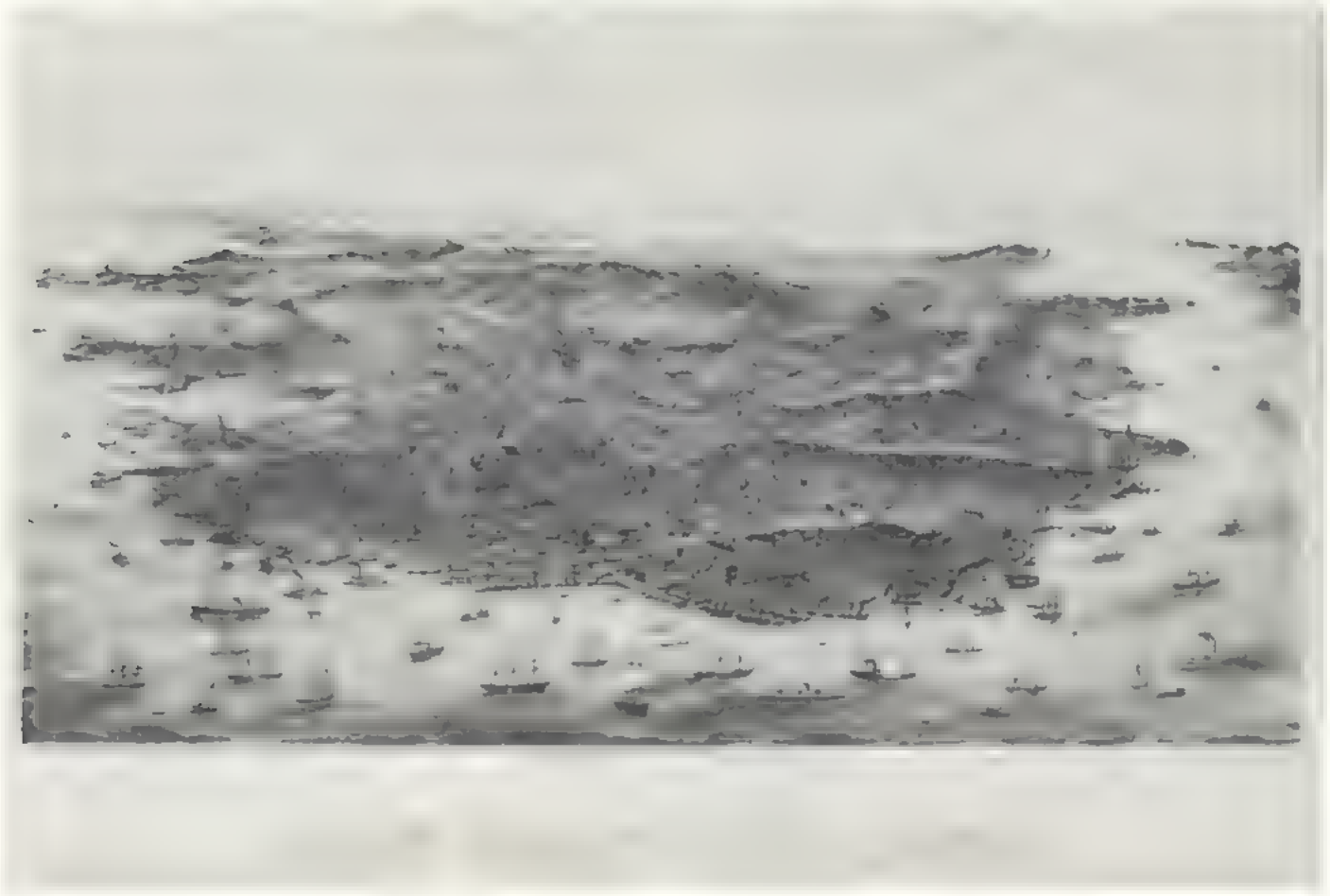
Lacking poignancy, lacking dimension, Reusswig's creations leave one with the feeling that they might well live to fight another day, perhaps in 1976, the centennial year of the Custer fight. □

Jack Burrows is in the Department of History at San Jose State College.

STATISTICS

Between 1870 and 1880 the number of farms in Nebraska increased by 415%.

SAN FRANCISCO – 100 YEARS AGO



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO San Francisco had already changed greatly from the gaudy Gold Rush village of 'forty-nine. It was the metropolis of the West, still the lively, wide-open city it had been before but proud of its churches and factories and schools. Already hundreds of acres of Yerba Buena Cove had been filled in and covered by substantial buildings

Filling and building has continued down to our own times. Mission Rock is now a part of the waterfront. The "Long Bridge" was still a new route out to the Potrero and Hunters Point in 1868 The present Ferry Building is located at about the end of the Market Street Wharf. The end of Meigg's Wharf, a landmark when North Beach was really a beach, marks almost exactly the spot where the sailing ship Balclutha today entertains tourists too young ever to have seen a Cape Horn windjammer

By 1868 the Mission Dolores was no longer way out of town, though its setting was suburban. Near the Mission was Woodward's Gardens, a favorite Sunday resort

Golden Gate Park was just getting to the paper-work stage in 1868, and most of the lands that now comprise this great park were nothing but the "worthless" shifting sand dunes stretching between Lone Mountain and the sea. The Cliff House was even then a landmark, and it was reached by a dusty carriage drive out what is now Geary Boulevard

Above all, San Francisco a hundred years ago was a sea-town, and one will note that the lithographer took great pains to show every type of ship and maritime activity that was involved in the life and commerce of America's "window on the Pacific"

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ANTHROPOLOGY

(Continued from page 50)

The narrative relates their adventures en route: a visit to a relative who tells them of the old days when the Mohave were feared for their courage on the warpath; a meeting with a medicine man who counsels them about Paiute trouble farther north; an encounter with a white man who has been attacked by a half-crazed Paiute; and finally their own battle with this Indian, which earns them the sought-for name and war honors.

In relating these adventures, Mr. McNichols gives a vivid picture of Mohave life and evokes a nostalgia, not only for the Indian past but also for South Boy's youth in that same Indian world. Havek's new name sends him on to adult status as a Mohave. For South Boy the future is not so certain.

The re-publication of *Navaho Witchcraft*, one of Clyde Kluckhohn's finest works, is an answer to a long-felt need on the part of anthropologists, especially graduate students, who have had difficulty in obtaining the original edition.

For many years the study has been used as a model of anthropological inquiry in that, unlike so many field reports, it rigidly separates the collected data from the interpretation of those data. This method—basic to the physical and biological sciences as well as much of the experimental work in psychology — is more frequently than not ignored by the anthropologist. The separation of the observed from the observer is often impossible. However, Kluckhohn has enabled other anthropologists to interpret his data in various ways following other theoretical orientations because he has taken the trouble to include appendixes containing his raw data and a special section that describes his methodology at length.

In addition to its rigorous scholarship, this book is important not only for its ethnographic facts detailing witchcraft belief, practice, and methods of curing those who have been "witched," but also for the way Kluckhohn uses this data to give us a detailed analysis of the psychological and social functioning of witchcraft as patterned by Navaho culture. The general theme is that, contrary to the popular belief among middle-class, science-oriented readers, witchcraft in such a society has many positive attributes. In Kluckhohn's words:

> In a society where the relative strength of anticipations of punishment for overt aggression is high, witchcraft allows imaginary aggression. Witchcraft channels the displacement of aggression, facilitating emotional adjustment with a minimum of disturbance of social relationships. Even direct aggression through witchcraft helps to maintain societal inhibitions consonant with the old native culture. Likewise, the witch is a convenient anxiety object. Anxieties may be disguised in ways which promote individual adjustment and social solidarity. The threat

CURRENT WESTERN BOOKS

† *Reviewed in this issue*

‡ *Received up to January 15*

* *Advertisement*

Page

Alaska and Its History *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1967, 475 pp., intro., notes, biblio., index, $12.50)*
edited by Morgan B. Sherwood †56

The Alaska Railroad *(Frederick A. Praeger, N.Y., 1967, 326 pp., illus., biblio., app., $5.95).*
by Edwin M. Fitch †56

American, British & Continental Pepperbox Firearms *(Pacific Books, Palo Alto, Calif., 1967; 279 pp., illus., index, $15.00).*
by Jack Dunlap ‡

American Indian Life *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1967, illus., app., pap., $2.95).* Illustrated by C. Grant LaFarge
edited by Elsie Clews Parsons †60

The American Literary Revolution 1783 1837 Documents in American Civilization Series *(New York University, N.Y., 1937, 500 pp., index, $7.50)*
edited by Robert E. Spiller ‡

Baja California and the Geography of Hope *(Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1967, 17th Vol in the Exhibit Format Series, 170 pp., illus., $25.00).* Photographs by Eliot Porter
text by Joseph Wood Krutch †59

The Baron of Arizona: The Great 12-Million Acre Land Swindle *(John Day Co., N.Y., 1967, 304 pp., illus., biblio., index, $6.95,*
by E. H. Cookridge †57

Bolivet *(University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida, 1967, 711 pp., notes, index, $7.95).*
by Salvador de Madariaga ‡

The Bureau of American Ethnology, A Partial History *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967, 139 pp., illus., index).*
by Neil M. Judd †70

Cheyenne Memories *(Yale University Press, New Haven, 1967; 330 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $7.95)*
by John Stands In Timber and Margot Liberty with the assistance of Robert M. Utley ‡

Crazy Weather *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, First Bison Book Printing, 1967, 195 pp., $1.95).*
by Charles L. McNichols †50

The Desert Lake The Story of Nevada's Pyramid Lake *(Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho, 1967; 133 pp., illus., notes, biblio., pap., $1.95)*
by Sessions S. Wheeler ‡

The Ethno-Botany of the Coahuilla Indians of Southern California *(Malki Museum Press, Morongo Reservation, Banning, Calif., 1967, 82 pp., introductory essays, notes, biblio., glossary).* Introductory material by Harry W. Lawton, Lowell John Bean and William Bright.
by David Prescott Barrows ‡

Faces of the Frontier *(Dodd, Mead, N.Y., 1967, 119 pp., illus., $6.95)*
by Lorence F. Bjorklund ‡

Favor the Bold – Custer The Civil War Years *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, N.Y., 1967, 308 pp., illus., index, $6.95).*
by D. A. Kinsley †51

Folk Songs of the Southern United States by Josiah H. Combs, published for the American Folklore Society *(University of Texas, Austin, 1967, 234 pp., notes, appen., index, $6.00)*
edited by D. K. Wilgus ‡

The Fragmented Metropolis, Los Angeles, 1850 1930 *(Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., 1967, 363 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $11.95).*
by Robert M. Fogelson ‡

Frame up The Tom Mooney Warren Billings Case *(W. W. Norton & Co., N.Y., 1967, 496 pp., illus., biblio., notes, app., index, $7.50).*
by Curt Gentry †52

From the Ashes Voices of Watts *The New American Library, N.Y., 1967, 277 pp., $5.95),*
edited by Budd Schulberg ‡

The Frontier Against Slavery: Western Anti-Negro Prejudice and the Slavery Extension Controversy *(University of Illinois, Urbana 1967; 176 pp., notes, biblio., index, $5.95;*
by Eugene H. Berwanger ‡

Ghost Towns of New Mexico: Playthings of the Wind *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1967; 155 pp., illus., biblio., $7.50).* Photographs by Karl Kernberger
by Michael Jenkinson *57

Here Rolled the Covered Wagons An Historical Tour of the Northwest *(Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, 1967, 264 pp., 3rd revised edition, illus., biblio., index)*
by Albert and Jane Salisbury ‡

Hernán Cortés Conqueror of Mexico *(University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida, 1967; 554 pp., notes, index, $6.95).*
by Salvador de Madariaga ‡

A History of Urban America *(Macmillan, N.Y., 1967, 328 pp., biblio., index).*
by Charles N. Glaab and A. Theodore Brown ‡

The Home Book of Western Humor *(Dodd, Mead, N.Y., 1967, 364 pp., intro., $7.50)*
edited by Phillip H. Ault †61

Illinois in 1818 *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1967, 356 pp., 2nd edition revised and reprinted, illus., notes, biblio., index $7.50*
by Solon J. Buck ‡

Jackass Express and Other Western Stories *(Exposition Press, N.Y., 1966; 158 pp., $4.00)*
by Charles Overholt *53

The Jayhawkers. Stories and Memoirs of the Early Days in Western Kansas by the First Woman Senator in Idaho *(Exposition Press, N.Y., 1967; 136 pp., $5.00)*
by Nellie Cline Steenson ‡

of accusation of witchcraft is a check upon the strong and powerful. The belief that the destitute, the aged—and even animals—may, if treated too unkindly, turn with witchcraft upon those who neglect or oppress them is, up to a point, a protection for these unfortunates. Many sorts of cultural values are reinforced by the corpus of witchcraft lore. It is probably no accident that the bogeymen who are used to socialize children have so many characteristics in common with the were-animals dreaded by adults.

Thus we find that intra-family hostility — for example, between brothers-in-law who must cooperate economically — is displaced frequently onto a witch who lives at some distance. Witchcraft also serves as a great economic leveler since it is the rich who are accused of obtaining their wealth through these disapproved means. In such a society this kind of gossip is every bit as effective as legal codes are in our complex society — perhaps more so.

Kluckhohn, in his interpretation of this material, first demonstrated the quality that was to mark him as unique in twentieth-century American anthropology: his singular ability to synthesize from many fields of knowledge. Not content to draw solely on the various subfields of anthropology (linguistics, ethnology, archaeology, and physical anthropology), he also adapted psychological theory — this volume leans heavily on analytic literature — and sociological theory to the analysis of his field materials.

It was this breadth of interest and ability to borrow from one discipline to enrich another that made Kluckhohn one of the leading social scientists of his generation. That ability is nowhere better demonstrated than in this volume. □

John Adair is Professor of Anthropology at San Francisco State College.

PORTABLE QUOTES

"Ours is a story mad with the impossible, it is by chaos out of dream, it began as dream and it has continued as dream down to the last headlines you read in a newspaper. And of our dream there are two things above all others to be said, that only madmen could have dreamed them or would have dared to—and that we have shown a considerable faculty for making them come true. The simplest truth you can ever write about our history will be charged and surcharged with romanticism, and if you are afraid of the word you had better start practicing seriously on your fiddle."

—Bernard DeVoto in a letter to Catherine Drinker Bowen as quoted in *Four Portraits and One Subject: Bernard DeVoto* (1963)

ELDORADO: A Voyage to California, via Panama; Life in San Francisco and Monterey; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. Published in 1850, now reissued in a facsimile edition, two volumes in slip case by Lewis Osborne, Publisher. April 1, $21.

Available from THE AMERICAN WEST.

The Johnson County War: Is a Pack of Lies – The Barons Side; Ain't a Pack of Lies – The Rustlers Side *(Flintlock, Cheyenne, 1967, 158 pp., illus., $4.95).* by JACK R. GAGE ‡

The Man Who Walked Through Time: The Story of the First Trip Afoot through the Depths of the Grand Canyon *(Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1967, 239 pp., illus., app., $5.95,* by COLIN FLETCHER ‡

Minnesota Houses: An Architectural and Historical View *(Dillon Press, Minneapolis, Minn., 1967; 276 pp., illus., list of houses, app., gloss., $8.50).* by ROGER G. KENNEDY ‡

Montana in Miniature: The Pictorial History of Montana from Early Exploration to Early Statehood *(Fred A. Rosenstock, Denver, 1966, 216 pp., illus.).* Illustrated by Olaf Seltzer. edited by CATO BUTLER ‡

Natural Resources: Quality and Quantity – Papers Presented before a Faculty Seminar at the University of California, Berkeley, 1961-65 *(University of California, Berkeley, 1967, 217 pp., illus., notes, index, $6.50).* edited by S. V. CIRIACY WANTRUP and JAMES J. PARSONS ‡

Navaho Folk Tales *(Museum of Navaho Ceremonial Art, Inc., Santa Fe, 1967; 207 pp., illus., $8.50).* by FRANC JOHNSON NEWCOMB ‡

Navaho Witchcraft *(Beacon Press, Boston, First Beacon Paperback, 1967, 254 pp. [illegible] app., $1.95).* by CLYDE KLUCKHOHN †51

On the Loose *(Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1967, 121 pp., illus., index of photographs, text in calligraphy, $6.95).* by TERRY RUSSELL †62

The Origins of American Diplomacy: The International History of Anglo America, 1492-1763 *(Macmillan, N.Y., 1967; 624 pp., maps, notes, biblio., index, $12.95).* by MAX SAVELLE ‡

Origins of the American Indians: European Concepts, 1492-1729 *(University of Texas, Austin, 1967; 179 pp., biblio., index, $5.00).* by LEE ELDRIDGE HIDDLESTON †61

Origins of the War with Mexico: The Polk-Stockton Intrigue *(University of Texas, Austin, 1967, 189 pp., notes, biblio., index, $5.00).* by GLENN W. PRICE ‡

A Picture Report of the Custer Fight *(Hastings House, N.Y., 1967, 215 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.50).* by WILLIAM REUSSWIG †51

Politics in New Mexico *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1967; 335 pp., notes, charts, tables, index, $7.95).* by JACK E. HOLMES †58

Rails, Sagebrush and Pine: A Garland of Railroad and Logging Days in Oregon's Sumpter Valley *(Golden West Books, San Marino, Calif., 1967, 128 pp., illus., index, $8.95).* by MALLORY HOPE FERRELL ‡

River Plains and Sea Coasts *(University of California Press, Berkeley, 1967, 173 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.50).* by RICHARD J. RUSSELL ‡

Sam Houston with the Cherokees 1829-1833 *(University of Texas, Austin, 1967, 206 pp., illus., notes, chrono., biblio., index, $6.00).* by JACK GREGORY and RENNARD STRICKLAND ‡

Current Western Books is designed as a continuing tool for the reader interested in books of and about the American West. While we would not claim that this listing will be uniformly comprehensive, since we will not ordinarily include privately printed or limited edition materials, we do feel that the index, carefully brought up to date with each issue of *The American West Review*, will ultimately provide the most reliable guide to the latest in western books. The listing, arranged alphabetically by title, will take note of all books received during a given period of time (‡), those reviewed in *The American West Review* (†), and those advertised (*). It should be noted that the listing of a book as received but not reviewed does not necessarily imply that it will not be reviewed in a future issue.

Seventy-five Years in California: Recollections and Remarks by One Who Visited These Shores in 1851, and Again in 1853, and Except When Absent on Business Was a Resident from 1858 until the End of a Long Life in 1909 *(John Howell, San Francisco, 1967, 343 pp., illus., appen., record of ships, glossary, notes, chron., index, $27.50).* edited by HAROLD A. SMALL ‡

Sky Island: A Retreat into One of Nature's Last Strongholds - the Spectacular Chiricahua Mountains *(D. Van Nostrand, Princeton, 1967, 166 pp., illus., $5.95).* by WELDON F. HEALD †62

Some Part of Myself by James Frank Dobie *(Little, Brown, N.Y., 1967, 282 pp., illus., $6.95).* edited by BERTHA MCKEE DOBIE †49

Songs of the American West *(University of California, Berkeley, 1968, 395 pp., illus., biblio., index, $17.50).* edited by RICHARD E. LINGENFELTER and RICHARD A. DWYER *58

South Sea Supercargo: Short Stories *(University of Hawaii, Honolulu, 1967, 194 pp., intro., $4.50).* edited by A. GROVE DAY ‡

The Steamboaters: From the Early Side Wheelers to the Big Packets *(Dodd, Mead, N.Y., 1967, 269 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $6.00).* by HARRY SINCLAIR DRAGO ‡

To Hell in a Day Coach: An Exasperated Look at American Railroads *(J. B. Lippincott, N.Y., 1968; 324 pp., biblio., index, $5.95).* by PETER LYON ‡

Wilderness and the American Mind *(Yale University, New Haven, 1967, 256 pp., notes, biblio., index, $6.50).* by RODERICK NASH † 2

William Anderson Scott: "No Ordinary Man" *(The Arthur H. Clark Co., $6.50).* by CLIFFORD MERRILL DRURY †61

William Sanders Oury: History-Maker of the Southwest *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1967, 298 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $7.50).* by CORNELIUS C. SMITH, JR. †57

Water, Land, and People *continued from page 29*

National Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica. Several days later the same road sent the delegates over its line to Indio. . . . It was not until a week after the adjournment of the Congress that the excursions came to an end and the delegates returned to their homes. . . . It is a source of unlimited gratification to the members of the committee, who gave several weeks of time to the undertaking, that the cause for which the meeting was called and upon which rests in so large a measure the future prosperity of the Middle West, has been aided in so signal a manner by the intelligent deliberation and utterances of the Congress."

The thoughts and feelings exposed so clearly at Salt Lake City in 1891 ran like threads through the pages of the proceedings year after year. There were texts, biblically phrased and idyllic, such as from Genesis 2:10: "And a river went out of Eden to water the Garden." There was Goldsmith's classic: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates, and men decay." There were stern warnings of overcrowding in the cities, which it was hoped that irrigation of the countryside might relieve. Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, stated flatly: "The next great problems we must face are the relief of the crowded conditions of our centers and the amelioration of the distress of the poor in our great cities."

In 1900 the site of the Congress was moved from the suppliant West to Chicago, to reach closer to the heart of national political power, to win over indifference, and to dilute potential opposition.

Exponents of western irrigation by this time had come to agree that state governments could not achieve their ends—that the national government alone possessed sufficient resources and power. The call for the Chicago Congress expressed hope that the deliberations would subordinate controversy and elevate unity of political purpose. "In this session of the National Irrigation Congress," the call read, "all disputation and controversy should be eliminated. Its deliberations should be guided by a high patriotic purpose and a united determination to arouse the whole people of the nation to a realization of the national importance of transforming the western deserts from uninhabitable wastes into fertile and populous territory. . . . The national government is the only agency through which this can be accomplished."

The Congress did show unity of purpose in appealing to the national government for funds. This unity, however, did not exclude continuing insistence by delegates on clear-cut public assurance that the evils of monopoly would be curbed.

A delegate from Montana, to be sure, gave as his lone opinion that "there is a good deal of bugaboo made of the matter of trusts securing this land, and big corporations." Another from Colorado thought that because of taxes and assessments "no man, no company, with any business judgment or business sense will ever hold onto very much land."

The weight of discussion, however, was heavily on the other side. Delegate Brady, of West Virginia, for example, spoke his apprehensions that "the result will be as it has been in Southern France and Italy—that the land will be owned and controlled, as it is now largely in the West, by large capital. . . ." He cited a report of the U.S. Minister to Italy, stating that "the tendency of irrigation in those countries was to put the land into the hands of wealthy land owners and corporations." Brady added, "That surely is not what we want to do with the arid West."*

In similar vein, Delegate Newberry, of Montana, warned of efforts "to defeat and defraud the very object . . . of this convention." The danger, he said, "is that the government may be at all the expense of conserving this water and that the water itself may . . . inure to the profit of the few who can get control of it, and not to the general public in the least. As well might the national government go to work and build a railroad at the expense of construction and turn it over to the management of private enterprise to operate the cars and collect the revenues from the operation."

George H. Maxwell, who during his later years came to be called the "Father of Reclamation," was on his feet immediately to set Delegate Newberry's fears at rest. They were based, he said, upon a complete misunder-

* Undoubtedly the most vivid attack on land monopoly at the Congress was made by Delegate Ganz, of Illinois, formerly Deputy U.S. Surveyor in California. Referring to the Desert Land Act of 1876, he said: "And I remember, Mr. President and gentlemen of this Congress, that before the ink which flowed from the pen of the President, making that act a law, was dry, in the office of the Register and Receiver of the Land Office in San Francisco every employee of the Wells Fargo Express Co., owned and controlled by Haggin & Tevis, all the employees of the United States Custom House, under the boss-ship of Billy Carr, who formed with Haggin of Haggin & Tevis the firm of Haggin and Carr, and a lot of the employees of the Central Pacific Railroad—each and all appeared

standing of existing conditions and even of the resolutions that had been adopted. Under the resolutions "no man can own the right [to use water] for speculative purposes . . . water monopoly will be an impossibility." Harrison Gray Otis, of the *Los Angeles Times,* spoke of "this timely movement, looking to the reclamation of Arid America, thus giving 'land to the landless,' ranks in real importance with the foremost public measures of the times."

Assurances that legislation authorizing the national government to subsidize water development would in fact protect against land and water monopoly began with the opening address, and were given repeatedly thereafter. Substituting for Mayor Carter Harrison, who was ill, Chicago Prosecuting Attorney Howard S. Taylor welcomed the Congress and said:

> It is impossible to forecast all of the good things, the fruitage which must follow the reclamation of our arid lands. . . . If the reclamation of the arid lands of the West shall be accomplished, as I understand is your purpose, your anticipation and desire, by the government of the United States, this great end will be achieved: that the exploitation of these lands by private parties will be prevented, and the further dislocation of society and the erection of servitudes resting upon the necks of unborn generations will be prevented.

Congressman Newlands, of Nevada, surely an authoritative voice, told the Irrigation Congress that "the evils of land monopoly . . . have afflicted every country and every age, and almost all of the wars of the world have been a protest against . . . land monopoly." He spoke specifically of Spain, South and Central America, and the Philippines. Then he concluded, "It does seem to me we have got to determine upon some plan . . . to avoid the evils of land monopoly" [applause]. Two years later he co-authored the famous bill limiting water service for any one landowner to no more than 160 acres.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS of the United States passed the National Reclamation bill, and President Theodore Roosevelt signed it into law on June 17, 1902. He explained that "every dollar is spent to build up the small man of the West and prevent the big man, East or West, coming in and monopolizing water and land."

The act opened the door of the treasury to reclamation, but only on the condition stated by the President. This condition, in words of the statute, was: "No right to the use of water for land in private ownership shall be sold for a tract exceeding 160 acres to any one landowner."

Debate in the Fifty-seventh Congress was thorough. Congressman Frank Mondell, of Wyoming, who was in charge of the bill, assured the House that the bill was "a step in advance of any legislation we have ever had in guarding against the possibility of speculative land holdings . . . while it will also compel the division into small holdings of any large areas . . . in private ownership which may be irrigated under its provisions."

The leading eastern opponent of western reclamation, notwithstanding, was wholly unconvinced that the 160-acre provisions of the law would be so administered as to fulfill the professions of its sponsors. "And so we find behind this scheme," said Congressman George W. Ray, of New York, "egging it on, encouraging it, the great railroad interests of the West, who own millions of acres of these arid lands, now useless, and the very moment that we, at the public expense, establish or construct these irrigation works and resorvoirs, you will find multiplied by ten, and in some instances by twenty, the value of now worthless land owned by those railroad companies, the title to which they obtained through grants from the Government for building great transcontinental railroad lines."

The National Reclamation Act was law for only three years when the 160-acre law faced its first test. The pros-

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and deposited his declaration that he knew a certain 160 acres of land in Tulare County and Kern County in California to be desert, from his own knowledge – although they had never been within a thousand miles of the land, that didn't make any difference, they swore to it; and they agreed that they would reclaim these little private 'deserts' contiguous to each other. And as they stepped out with the certificate of the Register in their hands that these 160 acres of land would in the future be their property they transferred it 'for Five Dollars in hand paid me this day,' and gave a quit-claim deed to Mr. William B. Carr, the great Republican boss of California at that time. [Laughter] And in that way Carr & Haggin got the possession of hundreds of thousands of acres of land in Tulare and Kern Counties in California. And years afterwards the dear government found that a fraud had been committed and they began suit, and they appointed Mr Theodore Wagner, who afterwards became United States Surveyor General of California, as their attorney. But somehow Carr & Haggin always knew beforehand what Wagner was going to say before court. [Laughter] And this hundred thousand acres of land which made Mr. William B. Carr the King of Kern County and the Lord of Tulare County, notwithstanding the suit brought by the United States for the recovery of that land, are today still the property of the King of Kern County, and not an acre has ever got back into the hands of the people, whose trustee only the administration is."

pect appeared bright. John W. Ferris, C.E., wrote in 1905 in the promotional organ *For California:*

> In California much of the best land for Government irrigation is in huge private holdings. It is believed that every great landowner in California will be willing to sign a contract to subdivide in order that the Government may proceed as rapidly as possible to construct irrigation works under the National Reclamation Act. Already owners of more than seventy huge tracts of land have signified their willingness to subdivide their lands for the benefit of intending settlers. This shows which way the wind blows and may be taken as an indication that when the Government is ready to go ahead our patriotic landed proprietors will be willing and ready to cooperate.

As if to verify the optimism of *For California,* large landowners in the Sacramento Valley assured early construction of a project at Stony Gorge by voluntarily accepting a limitation of forty acres.

Reclamation began to fulfill its promises.

FOR A QUARTER CENTURY AFTER Stony Gorge, reclamation of the Great Valley slumbered as a practical issue. It awoke during the Great Depression. By then the winds had changed. Once funds began to flow for actual construction of the long-awaited Central Valley Project, giant landholders of the Great Valley, largely corporate, revealed unremitting hostility to the 160-acre law. They overlooked no possible corridor of escape. In 1944, 1947, 1959, and 1960 they demanded that Congress exempt the Central Valley from the law. Each time Congress refused, point-blank. In 1958, they asked the Supreme Court to invalidate the law. The Court refused unanimously, echoing literally the 1874 commissioners' appeal to the "principle of 'the greatest good for the greatest number'."

Blocked in two branches of government, the giant landowners turned to the third, the administrative. Through the landowners' efforts two leading officials of the Bureau of Reclamation who supported enforcement of the 160-acre law — the Commissioner and the Regional Director for Central Valley — were driven from the federal pay-roll on the pretext that they were not "engineers." The Eightieth Congress removed them; the Eighty-first, following re-election of President Harry Truman, restored them.

Undaunted, large landholding interests kept up the pressure on those charged with administering the law until, in time, the administrators succumbed. In 1964 Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall gently confessed for himself and some of his predecessors that the executive branch had "on occasion exhibited a degree of concern for the excess-land owner which may be difficult to reconcile with the policies embraced by the excess land laws."

The difficulty in reconciling administration with law, to which the Secretary referred, can be illustrated by two examples from the Central Valley. As early as 1944 *Business Week* reported that "big landowners" had prepared alternative tactics to sidestep the 160-acre limitation in the event — soon realized — that Congress should deny exemption from the 160-acre law. Among these tactics was a "proposal, said to have originated among the big landowners of Fresno County . . . for the State of California to take over the Central Valley Project, paying the entire bill." Later, the state water project did assume this task, the state bonded itself for $1 75 billion, and is now confronting a huge deficit, its size uncertain. The state's official spokesmen advised Congress in the late fifties that the state water project will ultimately entail a state expenditure of $11 billion.

A second example is at Westlands, in the San Joaquin Valley, where four hundred thousand acres are ineligible under federal reclamation law to receive the benefits from public expenditures approaching a half billion dollars, because their owners have not complied with the 160-acre law. Giving point to his own earlier observation that upon occasion it has been difficult to reconcile execution of the law with the policies the law embraces, the Secretary of the Interior has made no move to exact compliance. A single Westlands landowner, the Southern Pacific, owns 120,000 acres — 187 square miles. The size of the ineligible area equals about two-thirds the area of the state of Rhode Island.

The prophecy of Congressman Ray, of New York, in opposing national aid to western reclamation in 1902, is fully validated two generations later at Westlands.

Clearly, large landowners have felt morally justified in pressing for an administration of the 160-acre law favorable to their interests, and have said so. One of their spokesmen testified to Congress in 1944 that Bureau of Reclamation officials, seeking a matching fund of $25,000 from owners on the west side of the valley to study ground waters, had indicated at the time that "the 160-acre provision was not to be taken seriously." The landowners, after contributing their share, naturally were displeased that Bureau officials later (under orders from

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes) gave open support to the 160-acre law. Thereupon the spokesman, now head of the Westlands Water District, testified, "It seems to me that the Bureau was completely in bad faith in taking the $25,000, knowing that our district could not accept that."

NO TWO HISTORICAL FIGURES, poles apart, have epitomized better than Theodore Roosevelt and Clair Engle the fundamental questions of law, policy, and politics that inhere in the 160-acre law. Roosevelt defended the law in 1911 before the Commonwealth Club of California with these words: "Now I have struck the crux of my appeal. I wish to save the very wealthy men of this country and their advocates and upholders from the ruin that they would bring upon themselves if they were permitted to have their way. It is because I am against revolution; it is because I am against the doctrines of the Extremists, of the Socialists; it is because I wish to see this country of ours continued as a genuine democracy; it is because I distrust violence and disbelieve in it; it is because I wish to secure this country against ever seeing a time when the 'have-nots' shall rise against the 'haves'; it is because I wish to secure for our children and our grandchildren and for their children's children the same freedom of opportunity, the same peace and order and justice that we have had in the past."

Congressman (later Senator) Clair Engle spoke these contrasting words to Congress in 1955: "I grant you, you start kicking the 160-acre limitation and it is like inspecting the rear end of a mule: You want to do it from a safe distance because you might get kicked through the side of the barn. But it can be done with circumspection, and I hope we can exercise circumspection."

In the long history of the uniting of water to land, politics has given law and policy a hard run. The commissioners of 1874, reviewing the history of irrigation in Italy, France, Egypt, and India had warned of trouble over the rights of water and spelled out ways to forestall it. Their foresight of the "clashing of private interests" in the Great Valley of California was not sufficient to prevent the pushing of the people into the shadow.

The service of the irrigation congresses of the nineties in opening the doors of the national treasury for western water development has not been forgotten. Large landowners have held great political power. In 1947 the Bureau of Reclamation pointed out that thirty-six landholders in the southern and western Central Valley owned three-quarters of a million irrigable acres. The corporate character of most of the ownerships gives them eternal life and hence a sustaining power that extends beyond the human generation. Large landowners have been as assiduous in exploiting the initial financial success of the Irrigation Congress as they have been in seeking to circumvent the controls over speculation and monopoly that the national Congress attached to its appropriations. To the original grant of interest-free money for irrigation, they have progressively been able to add further subsidies. They have won contributions from the national taxpayer in the name of flood control and contributions from users of hydroelectric power and from municipal and industrial users of water. The original Central Valley Project cost allocations assigned 63 percent to irrigation and asked irrigators to repay only 17 percent. They assigned 33 percent to California power users and asked them to repay 72 percent. Stanley Davison has called reclamation "irrigation-at-any-price," and Laurence Moss has described it as a "subsidy machine."

History has validated the 1877 prophecy of the *Visalia Delta* that "the people . . . will find themselves confronted by an array of force and talent to secure to capital the ownership of the water as well as of the land, and the people will at last have it to pay for." □

The sources available to historians of development of the Great Central Valley of California are infinitely varied and rich. In addition to official documents and formal proceedings, a wealth of intensive studies have been produced treating one phase or another. Each of these is generous in citation of their sources. What remains unaccomplished is a comprehensive story of the Valley's development. The closest to this achievement is Robert de Roos, *The Thirsty Land*, published by Stanford University Press in 1947. The citations that follow are classified by main types. They are fragmentary, but sufficient to indicate the broad scope of materials drawn upon.

Nineteenth century primary sources: *Irrigation of the San Joaquin, Tulare, and Sacramento Valleys, California*, H. Exec. Doc. No. 290, 43rd Cong., 1st sess. (1874); *Proceedings of the State Irrigation Convention . . . San Francisco . . . with Extracts from the Press on Irrigation* (1886); the proceedings of the irrigation congresses, which were held nearly annually, beginning in 1891 at Salt Lake City.

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Paul S. Taylor, *Professor Emeritus of Economics at the University of California, Berkeley, is an economist and agrarian historian whose background includes service as a consultant to the Secretary of the Interior and to the Bureau of Reclamation between 1943 and 1952. He was co-author (with photographer Dorothea Lange) of* American Exodus: A Study in Human Erosion *(1943), a text-and-photograph examination of the dust bowl years in the West that some have compared to* The Grapes of Wrath.

Some Distant Vision *continued from page 23*

central point will be a beautiful silver plaque. . . . The entire hall will be wainscoted to the ceiling in oak finished to a pale amber green. . . . The library and morning room are finished in mahogany with elaborate plaster ceilings. . . . The drawing room is white and gold, with a ceiling of pale yellow silk with a pattern of plush of a pale blue appliqued thereon . . . the pattern emphasized with silver-headed nails. . . .

There was nothing of the "Brown Decades" here. Throughout Ellis's work, even in the final years of his discouragement, he celebrated color, dancing mosaics, jeweled stained glass. He was, in this respect also, a colleague of Sullivan, Elmslie, and Wright.

From 1888 to 1893 Ellis divided his time between Minneapolis and Missouri. For Edmund Eckel and George Mann in St. Joseph he did another German-American Bank, many residences and warehouses, and a police station. Later, for Mann alone, he designed houses, a hospital, a water tower, park entries, and the city hall in St. Louis.

He was marvelously dextrous in composing variations in the style of Richardson or Richard Morris Hunt, or even the British architect, Charles Voysey. Ellis obviously knew Hunt's work, but his own was less scholarly and more bizarre. He also began to import certain southwestern influences derived from the Spanish baroque. Perhaps he made a trip to Texas and California. There is evidence that he did. His disappearances were longer. His alcoholism seemed to be deepening. Then, in 1894, something happened. He left the West and returned to Rochester.

PERHAPS BY THIS TIME the economic depression was being so strongly felt that Ellis no longer could find the clients for his exuberant fancies. Perhaps it was at this time that he underwent his religious conversion. His allegorical paintings and some of his later writing indicate a deep and almost morbid sense of sin, and his propensity for escape from the vulgar, clamorous world may have found a new route. Ellis was never heroic in a public arena. But he was capable of making a sharp break, of radically altering his life. Swales merely tells us:

> Realizing that all was not going to his satisfaction, he broke away from the habits and acquaintances which he had cultivated to his disadvantage and returned east to seek some quiet nook where he could work in peace and be away from roistering friends.

Bragdon puts the event somewhat more directly:

> On a certain day of a certain year he rose from his besotted bed and for a period of ten years did not touch alcohol until, a few months before his melancholy death, weakened by disease, he sought its aid to give him strength for his daily task.

The nature of his crisis of 1894 will never be known, but it is possible to reach some general conclusions about his character. Ellis was a romantic artist, without the strength that men like Wright and Purcell drew from the deeper philosophic levels of the romantic tradition. He created fantasies in architecture and in painting (and his late paintings often included buildings like those he

had built in the West). His eastern friends wholly misunderstood these fantasies and their relationship to the life and architecture of the West. Swales thought, for example, that the West in the 1880's . . .

> probably lacked at that time, certain amenities essential to the well-being of the thorough-going artist that Ellis was. Among them, competition, intelligent and appreciative criticism and honest understanding of his endeavors. He was consequently almost wholly without companionship of men of his own intellectual class during his long sojourn in the prairie cities and except when 'buried' in producing some fanciful decoration or architectural design was depressed and unhappy. However, he kept that so well concealed beneath an always apparent good humor and flow of bright comment that few, even of his intimates, suspected it.

In his generous effort to imagine the conditions under which Ellis "probably" worked, Swales, moved both by friendship and ignorance, portrayed a man of taste and talent lavishing his gifts, unappreciated, upon a wasteland. In fact, however, Ellis did very well in the West, until the depression of 1893 discouraged those who had been his patrons and the eastern cult of classic propriety in architecture triumphed over the romantic and innovating spirit of the 1880's, of which he, Root, and Sullivan had been the leaders. The spread throughout the West of a "uniform ceremonious style," after D. H. Burnham's Roman triumph at the Chicago Exposition, left no opportunity for a man with a gift for fantasy and a disdain for dullness. It was not western barbarism but eastern philistinism that blighted Ellis's career as an architect.

The West in the 1880's was fertile in ideas and architectural innovation. There was plenty of "competition, intelligent and appreciative criticism." Professional architects and amateurs were enjoying an extravagant opportunity to build whole cities in that decade. The architectural sketch clubs, which flourished in all the major western cities, nurtured greater vitality, better talk, and stronger commitment to architecture as a living art than was to be found in the exhausted, sluggish, and inhibited architectural communities that settled in the great eastern centers after the deaths of Richardson and Stanford White. The draftsmen of the West were minnesingers of the graphic arts. They maintained a vigorous gypsy community—witty, irreverent, and contributing joyous preparation for the achievements of the Prairie School.

Ellis was first among them in technique and in design. But he was no more a part of their boisterous camaraderie than he had been a member of the artistic community of New York. He was a loner. He was always engaged in a furtive rebellion against authority and bourgeois society.

Bragdon thought Ellis mysterious, "the most impersonal person I ever encountered," and there is no question that he was evasive. There is strong evidence that in his last years he adopted a role, derived from his reading of medieval romances, and that was the role of the jester. His wit was famous, his irreverence feared. In an essay that appeared in *The Craftsman* shortly before his death, Ellis wrote of the life of one "who feels keenly, . . . whose only weapons are words of which the sharpness may glitter and play, but must never strike."

Often he wrote or drew parodies. An "Albert Levering" sketch published in 1904 looks suspiciously like Ellis parodying his own idiosyncracies of draftsmanship, and a few years earlier he produced a ponderous, earnest, and mawkish essay on Bragdon for the "Brochure" series, which reads so much like Bragdon (who had no sense of humor) that it has been taken "straight" by the critics. Bragdon, he says, was

> . . a model of deportment, of a character absolutely without blemish, . . . quiet and unaffected, reserved, quiet and difficult of access, yet when well known one of the most lovable of men, as well as one of the purest minded, . . . always to be found [among] the little bands of admiring friends and disciples, listening for the never-wanting epigram or the clarifying sentence that solves . . . Schopenhauer's place among the philosophers, parlor-magic, the color in the works of Tiepelo [sic], or the acceptability of the atomic theory . . . he lived the life of a healthy, normal boy.

Bragdon, who would have loved this description and seen nothing glinting within the velvet, had written a faintly deprecatory essay on Ellis for the same series, saying of Ellis that some of his work was "too fanciful, too exuberant . . . while others halt and render their elusive ideal actual, he presses onward toward a new ideal, like a child who deserts its doll to chase a butterfly."

Ellis's piece was too much for Swales, who thought Bragdon "a very *superior* friend." He told Ellis it was "rotten." Ellis replied: "Well, I've written an article about *him*, and I have described him as a 'young man of *model deportment'!*" To Ellis, growing up like a "healthy normal boy" was to grow up dull, and Swales went on to point out that, "several years passed before

Booth Tarkington pictured 'Penrod' as taking umbrage at being called 'a little gentleman.' "

Bragdon took no umbrage, and with Swales is responsible for passing through his sententious prose most of the direct impressions we have of Ellis. We know from him that Ellis could joke about his poverty: "Art is long and artists are usually short." That he thought pictures should be composed, not copied from nature: "A man should go sketching with his hands in his pockets." Among other things he thought that "Americans are so fond of nature that they would use the Palisades for advertising purposes and replace the sea beach with . . . cement." And, as to his own small following and peculiar reputation, he only commented that "devout Bostonians cross themselves and breathe a prayer when the name of Bulfinch is mentioned, yet if he were among them today they would stone him to death — in the newspapers."

Ellis became a teller of tales illustrated by curious murals and paintings, in which his own earlier architectural achievements are mocked as backgrounds for "fairy stories," of which the "point" might be appreciated only by children.

Ellis, who abandoned architecture (according to his obituary in *The American Architect*) because he was "repelled by the modern practice of the profession," was repelled by much more than that. He was not willing to be one of those — as he described them in an essay on "Puss in Boots"—"who, while feeling their superiority of intelligence, yet bow their heads, forcing themselves to be humble and insinuating." Smug were too many of the people to whom he would have to turn for patronage, and deferential to smugness he could not be.

In the world of triumphant tycoons Harvey Ellis had been an architect of fables — castles for frontier barons and tombs for bishops and heroes. After the depression of 1893 he became the painter of fables. He said "the charm of the fairy tale [lies in] the desire common to all sorts and conditions of men . . . to escape from the work-a-day world."

Escape was Ellis's response to a world that was less and less able in years of depression, and then less and less willing in years of reaction, to accept the fantastic, romantic, or even the innovating spirit in architecture.

In the last two years of his life he worked for Gustave Stickley's *Craftsman* magazine, in Syracuse, designing furniture, textiles, interiors — none of which had the breath of life in them. He was drinking again, in pain, and his story dragged out to a melancholy close. Bragdon, ever attempting to dignify Ellis, suggested how it ended: "He had the dress, bearing, and manners of a gentleman; there was a certain quiet dignity about him, and I think it was never more present, nor better became him, than in that crowded public ward of a city hospital to which (before his friends rallied to his aid) he had been taken, mortally stricken." He died on January 2, 1904. □

There is no book on Harvey Ellis, yet. Claude Bragdon, in *Merely Players* (New York, 1929), and Francis Swales, in the July, 1924, issue of *Pencil Points*, wrote affectionate, partially-informed personal reminiscences with the prejudices I have already suggested. Mrs. Eileen Manning Michels produced a very comprehensive study of Ellis's work for her Master's thesis in 1952 (available in the University of Minnesota Library), based primarily upon the Buffington Archive and wide correspondence. The Buffington Archive, which includes scores of Ellis's drawings, is an excellent source of primary materials. A second cache of Ellis material, comprised of the personal papers of Harvey's brother Charles Ellis, is now in the care of the Ellis heirs in Rochester, New York.

Ellis's own writing is confined to scraps of family correspondence, the *Brochure* article cited in the text, and the series of tired, a la mode pieces he ground out in 1903 for the *Craftsman*. Little of his wit and irreverence appears; for that we have to take the word of his contemporaries. His graphic work, of course, was widely published, particularly between 1887 and 1895. A fairly complete listing of his published work and a review of his architectural influence is found in the February, 1968, issue of the *Prairie School Review*. An earlier article of mine in the winter, 1966, issue of *Minnesota History* was written before much was known of Ellis's work in Missouri and New York, and before the Ellis papers at Rochester were rediscovered

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Plains Indian Painting *continued from page 14*

Blackbear Bosin, a Kiowa-Comanche, won the coveted Special Award at Tulsa in 1967. Earlier he had won a scholarship to the University of Oklahoma and sixteen awards in the annual intertribal competition at the Philbrook Art Center. He has developed a style that accepts the white man's traditional rectangular frame but fills it with decorative figures, which are at home in a natural

Fig. M: *"Of the Owl's Telling," gouache on illustration board, by the Kiowa-Comanche, Blackbear Bosin, 1965.*

setting of simplified planes. A recent example of his work, "Of the Owl's Telling," offers a delicately balanced composition that interprets the quiet mysticism of the Plains Indian. *(See Figure M.)*

The late Oscar Jacobson, who so successfully guided the famed "Kiowa boys" forty years ago, once wrote: "The qualities that endear Indian painting to the art lover are its spontaneous freshness, its subtle simplicity and a marvelous harmony in rhythms and colors that seem to be innate. Indian artists use no models; their keen sense of observation . . . enables them to carry clearly in their minds essential elements of a scene . . . as a result, the Indian's work is direct and powerful."

These qualities continue to be found in the works of present-day Plains Indian artists. Historians of the American West as well as art lovers should be proud that among the descendants of the courageous warriors and big game hunters of the Great Plains one of America's oldest artistic traditions is still very much alive. □

John C. Ewers, *ethnologist for the Smithsonian Institution, was the first curator of the Museum of the Plains Indian at Montana's Blackfeet Reservation. His many books include* Plains Indian Painting *(1939),* Artists of the Old West *(1965), and the forthcoming* Indian Life on the Upper Missouri.

The Gunfighter and Society *continued from page 35*

development of mutual sympathy and involvement.

The same pattern of mutual adjustment and responsibility dominates the family Westerns like *Bonanza* and *The Big Valley*. Here pressures from the outside world threaten the cohesive harmony of the family group and are successfully resisted. The Cartwright ranch is surrounded by a world of chicanery, violence, and treachery in almost the way the harmonious American middle-class suburb is threatened by the explosive forces of the expanding city. But the cohesiveness, mutual loyalty, and homogeneous adjustment of the Cartwright family always turns out to be capable of throwing back, or blunting the edge of, the invading forces.

By now it should be apparent that both major types of new adult Western are basically concerned, as the Western has always been, with the relationship between the individual and society—between man's natural impulse to extend his ego by aggressive violence and the requirement that he subordinate himself to society's purposes. Our ethic of success has always sought to reconcile these opposing needs by trying to establish a pattern of life in which aggressive individual action can contribute to the orderly progress of society. But there have always been ambiguities within this ethic because it has been so hard to strike the balance between individualistic aggrandizement and social responsibility. Cooper, we recall, had solved this problem by having his hero flee before the advancing wave of civilization. But this solution became increasingly untenable, and in the later nineteenth century two other, mythical resolutions were worked out.

The first was that of the benevolent outlaw, defined by the mythicizing of actual Western badmen like Jesse James and Billy the Kid, by the creation of dime-novel heroes like Deadwood Dick, and later, in the twentieth-century pulp tradition, by characters like the Lone Ranger. The notion of the benevolent outlaw provided the rationale for a hero to remain outside of society, to express himself through anarchistic violence, and yet to contribute to society by destroying the *real* outlaws.

The other solution was a bit less mythical and was generally adhered to in the more adult Western fiction, such as Wister's *The Virginian* and the novels of Zane Grey. Here the hero's indulgence in aggressive violence was seen as a phase of his career. The hero confronted the villain, destroyed him, and then settled down to a peaceful career as a Western entrepreneur or rancher. This resolution resembled the redefinition of the success ethic worked out under the impact of the new industrial society in the later nineteenth century. In this ethic the aggressiveness of the industrial entrepreneur and the violent social dislocations of industrial growth were seen as a temporary phase; Andrew Carnegie summed up this ethical conception in his own career and in such writings as his famous "The Gospel of Wealth." According to Carnegie the individual should compete aggressively and ruthlessly for power and wealth, which could then be used philanthropically for the benefit of society. The Western of 1900 echoed this ethical pattern by showing the cowboy hero faced with the necessity of violence, but then, having purged the town of evildoers, able to settle down peacefully while the town passed from the recurrent violence fostered by the code of the West to the law and order of middle-class society.

The benevolent outlaw tradition conformed less readily to this social ideal. Its central figure remained an anti-

success hero, in the sense that he maintained the continued relevance of personal honor backed up by anarchistic violence in the face of the success philosophy's injunction that other moral goals or personal impulses should be subordinated to the pursuit of mobility and wealth. The persistence of this tradition can be explained by the nature of its audience—adolescents and the less literate (and consequently less successful). For adolescents, the benevolent outlaw provided a fantasy rejection of the increasing demand that the child conform to a nonimpulsive and economically oriented way of life. For lower-class readers, the benevolent outlaw stood as a fantasy-hero who had rejected the style of life this group was unable or unwilling to conform to.

The new adult Western, however, has a completely different way of presenting the relation between individual and society. In these Westerns violence and aggression originate as much in society as in the individual. Instead of being a passing phase, violence is presented as endemic to society. Moreover, the hero himself is inextricably involved in society's ambiguous conflict between order and violence. He cannot move freely in and out of society like the benevolent outlaw, and he cannot escape from the imperatives of violence by settling down as a peaceful citizen, because society cannot abandon its own complex involvement with violence. However, the two types of adult Western adopt different resolutions of this situation. Society forces the man-in-the-middle to act out its ambivalent need for violence. In the group-involvement Western a more optimistic resolution is attempted. Owing to its mutual involvement, the family or group is able to work out its salvation, cohesively resisting and turning back the threatening and disruptive forces of the larger society.

These patterns of action suggest that the new adult Western seeks to resolve in fantasy some of the major social dilemmas of our time: the sense that human society is doomed to terrible outbursts of violence; the fear of social conflict; the recognition that society both protects and threatens the individual; the increasing awareness of the chaotic violence, crime, and brutality that lie just below the peaceful surface of American life. In the middle of the twentieth century, it is no longer possible to see these dilemmas as something to be resolved by the natural evolution of society or through aggressive competition between individuals. The new adult Western has, to a certain extent, confronted these dilemmas. But, the critic must ask, are the resolutions offered any less mythical or escapist than the traditional images of the benevolent outlaw or the gunfighter turned peaceful entrepreneur?

In my view, the group-involvement Western is ultimately as fantasy-bound as the Lone Ranger, for it postulates a group that can somehow free itself from the larger demands of society and the world. The popularity of this type of Western on television is easily understood, however. As I have suggested, it echoes the American middle-class dream of escape to suburbia. The man-in-the-middle story, on the other hand, usually deals with the hero's relationship to violence in a far more complex way. Since its hero represents and is forced to work out society's ambiguous dependence on, and abhorrence of, violence, the man-in-the-middle's fate can be a serious and moving representation in mythical form of this profound human conflict. While *Bonanza* and its imitators use the Western image to give an easy solution to the problems of individual and social violence, movies like *The Gunfighter, Invitation to a Gunfighter, High Noon,* and *Shane,* as well as the best episodes of a few TV programs—*Gunsmoke* in particular—have brought the long tradition of the Western to one of its highest points. □

A list of source materials and critical studies of the Western as myth, fiction, and entertainment was included with my earlier article in the Spring, 1964, issue of THE AMERICAN WEST: "Cowboys, Indians, Outlaws." As I mentioned in that article, Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land* is still the most exciting study of the role of the western myth in American history. Three major new studies have appeared since that time, the most elaborate and complex of which is Edwin Fussell's *Frontier: American Literature and the American West* (Princeton, 1965), a study of the West as seen in major American writers from Cooper to Whitman. Robert E. Lee's *From West to East* (Urbana, 1966) studies the evolution of literature about the West, and James K. Folsom's *The American Western Novel* (New Haven, 1966) examines the development of the Western as a specific literary genre.

The Western film is efficiently chronicled in *The Western—From Silents to Cinerama* (New York, 1962), a gorgeously illustrated book by George N. Fenin and William K. Everson. The French have always been fascinated by the American Western and have published a number of critical and historical studies, including *Le Western* (Paris, Union Générale d'Editions, 1966) and Louis Ricupeyrout's *La Grande Aventure du Western du Far West à Hollywood* (Paris, Les Editions du Cerf, 1964).

Kent Ladd Steckmesser adds to our knowledge of the western myth by studying the legends that have grown up around four major western heroes—Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, and General Custer—in *The Western Hero in History and Legend* (Norman, 1965).

Most of the observations in this article are based on the viewing of Western films and television programs, but I would like to note—as a matter of justice—the extent to which my understanding of

the new Western has been shaped by Robert Warshaw's brilliant essay on this subject in *The Immediate Experience* (Garden City, 1964).

John G. Cawelti, *of the University of Chicago, co-author of* Sources of the American Republic *(currently being prepared for a revised edition), specializes in American literature and cultural history. His published work has touched upon a wide range of social, literary, and cultural topics, and such diverse literary figures as Henry James and Ned Buntline. His "Cowboys, Indians, Outlaws" appeared in the Spring 1964 issue of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

Tyrone *continued from page 42*

A spur line of the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad was extended to Tyrone. There were now seventy-five miles of tunnels in the mines, and the huge mercantile store was said to have been as well stocked as any department store in the Southwest. The comfortable homes built for five thousand people began to fill up rapidly. There was not a major building raised up in Tyrone that did not feature some innovation or stylistic excellence. Roofing tile for some buildings was imported from Italy; in others, beams were hand tooled to a perfect fit. The T. S. Parker hospital, completed in 1915, gives one an idea of the concept and the creation of Tyrone. A number of its features, accepted now as commonplace, were considered both daring and almost frivolous by the men of that era. The hospital had two operating rooms equipped with shadowless overhead lighting, an elevator, sunken bathtubs, private telephones, and sun-rooms where convalescents commanded a view of nearly fifty miles of ridges garnished with piñon, juniper, and live oak.

Tyrone was dead. In the mines, there was a darkness as pure as compressed rock. In the houses designed with altruism for five thousand, dust filmed tables and chairs, gathered like wool in corners. In the abandoned hospital, shelves of medicines began an aging that would continue for decades, until shattered by the rocks of vandals.

Copper prices had plummeted downward at the close of the war. Also, unexpectedly, the richer ore bodies of the Tyrone mines had played out, and they could no longer be operated at a profit. The mines closed down, and Tyrone became a fossil. The railroad holdings were sold for salvage to Fred Borenstein, a Silver City businessman. Borenstein, awed by the creation, decided against destroying the station, and offered to sell it back to Phelps-Dodge. An executive of that corporation told him they already had a fortune going to ruin at Tyrone, and additional investment was out of the question. Borenstein asked the executive what he had in his pocket; mystified, the man brought forth some keys and a few coins, including a silver dollar. The Silver City man plucked up the dollar:

"You've just rebought the station at Tyrone."

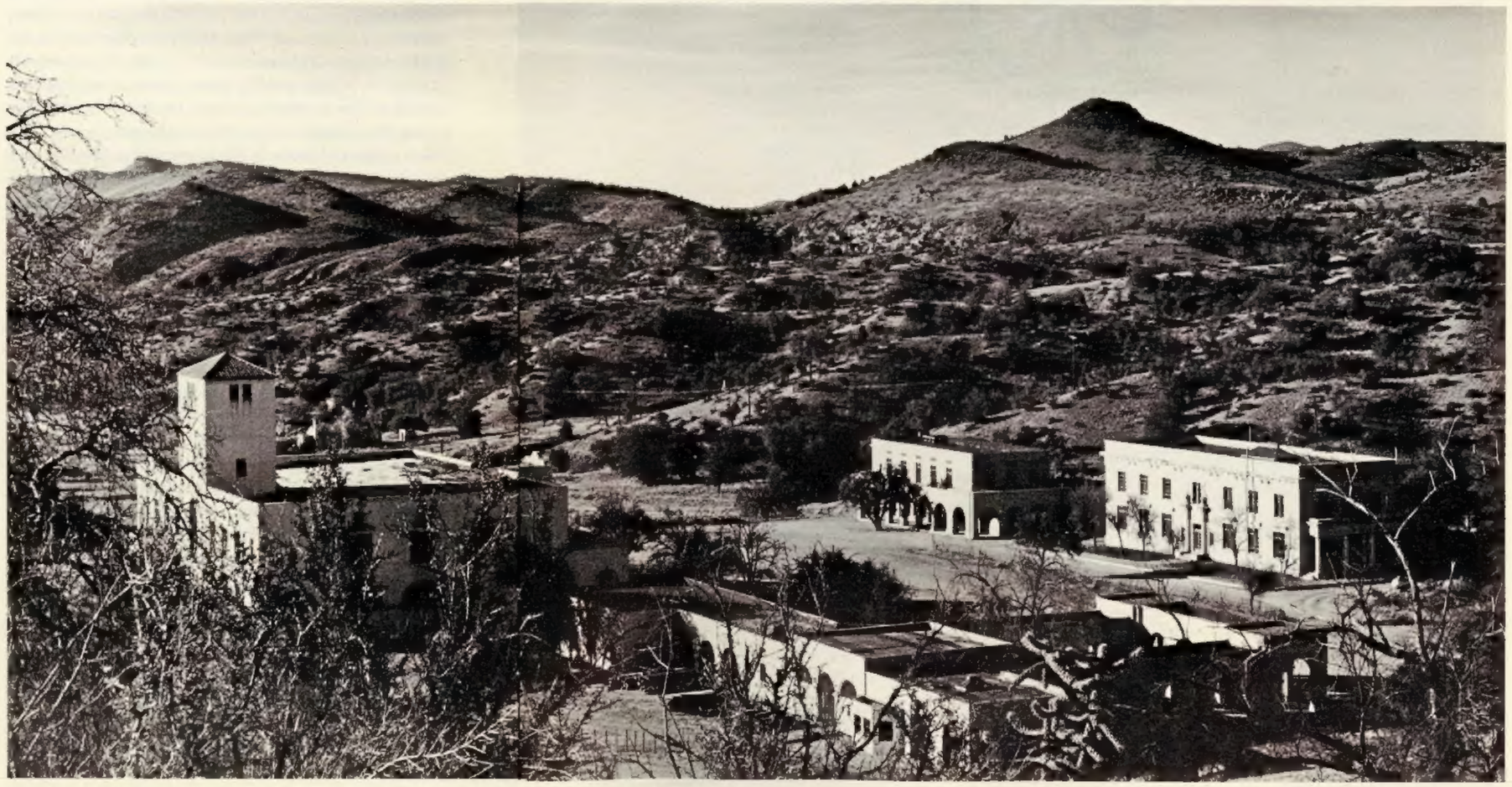
Tyrone had a mild flurry of activity in 1941, when some copper was extracted by leaching. This process involves circulating water through the mines, pumping it out, and percolating it over a mass of tin cans. The chemical reaction of the copper-impregnated water eats at the tin, replacing it with a layer of copper. The operation was soon discontinued.

But if Tyrone the town existed only briefly, Tyrone the myth and creation remains to this day. Every few years a newspaper article will start a rumor, and miners in Morenci, or Bisbee, or Cananea over the Mexican line, will say: "Hear they're goin' to open up Tyrone. Make it the biggest copper pit in the Southwest."

But in Tyrone itself there is little talk of mining. The handful of people who have rented houses there over the years have been artists, writers, and retired people seeking a mild climate. In a spectral, hollow building that faces a plaza where once band concerts played, are two cubbyholes that are still in use: a post office and the Phelps-Dodge office.

Around them, not altogether impervious to the drift of years, bits of plaster crack and fall from Tyrone. □

Michael Jenkinson *is a graduate of the University of New Mexico and a long-time resident of that State. The story of Tyrone is from his recently published book,* Ghost Towns of New Mexico: Playthings of the Wind *(University of New Mexico Press).*



Overview of a ghost town

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Campus landscape, 1874: Pictured here just six years after its founding, the miniscule University of California nestles in the midst of a gentle Berkeley wilderness. South Hall (left) and North Hall were the school's first substantial buildings, but today, as the university celebrates its centennial, only South Hall remains — a subdued relic surrounded by an exploding architectural complex that has become the largest university in the world. Further note of the university's early years is taken by J. R. K. Kantor on page 36 of this issue.